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LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

A STORY OF THE NEW JERSEY COAST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY CONFESSION," "ZILLAH, THE CHILD-MEDIUM," ETC.

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CHAPTER XI.

When Ruth awoke the next morning, she found her sister very ill with a fever, which, although it had not come upon her without the usual symptoms, had failed in its slow progression to attract attention. Without doubt it had been aggravated to a crisis by the excitement of the previous evening.

With a heavy heart, Ruth went about her usual duties. She had grown so accustomed to the cheerful society of Sonora, that the hours were long and wearisome without her. Mrs. Hallowell would not permit her to be in the sick room during the day, but from an exhaustless store of dried herbs, made certain mysterious cooling drinks and teas, and undertook alone the cure of the patient. By the time evening came, Sonora was delirious. The progress of the disease had completely transformed her. She was no longer like herself. Her ravings, her wild shrieks filled the little cabin. Her poor old father and Ruth kept watch together all night long in her room, but daylight found the fever still raging. She spoke incessantly. She uttered strong, violent language, which shocked those who listened, and made them wonder where gentle, sweet Sonora had heard such things. It was a very sad time for Ruth, and the more so, as after a few days the cabin was constantly besieged by the wives and other members of the families of the wreckers, each and all anxious to do something to assist, or at least testify by words their sorrow and sympathy.

At the end of the fourth day the fever abated slightly, and Sonora, faint and exhausted, fell into the first peaceful slumber she had enjoyed since her sickness. As Ruth stole softly into the room to realize the good tidings in person, she could scarcely believe the frail, attenuated form lying on the bed before her to be her sister's. Now that the fever had decreased, and the unnatural crimson flush had deserted her face, she looked very unlike her former self. Her blue eyes were deeply sunken in her head, and surrounded by heavy circles of discoloration, and her hands, crossed on her breast, had not the hue of life. She looked like one who had passed through a battle with life, and upon whom victory had not yet dawned. Thankful for any change that was not for the worse, Ruth crept silently out of the chamber. Her own health was much worn. She had scarcely slept at all for three nights, and nature, too severely taxed, demanded repose.

It was just at nightfall. She went into the kitchen, and stretching herself on the fire rug, tried to calm herself into slumber. There had been quiet showers all through the day, and now with the night descended another; the delicate patter on the roof and ground soon lulled Ruth into a refreshing sleep. It did not endure long, however, for, when she started suddenly up, aroused by a light summons on the door, the traces of daylight were still lingering in the cold, rainy sky.

Sleepily rubbing her languid eyes she went to open the door.

"Ruth!"

"Philip!"

It was all either said for the moment. The twilight could not disguise them to each other. Mr. Ahrenfeldt came in, unrelinquishing his hold of Ruth's hand, and they sat down together in that humble lighthouse kitchen. This visit was very unexpected. It was wonderful to see how all traces of depression faded at once from the young girl's face. Her expression was almost that of radiance as she bade Philip welcome to the island.

"I shall not leave it many times again," he said, "without you."

"Do not be too sure," she answered with a half flush and half laugh. "I cannot render up liberty, which is as precious as mine, so easily. Like all other wild things, I luxuriate in my freedom."

"Freedom!" repeated Mr. Ahrenfeldt, "one would think you were about entering slavery. You mistake the person altogether. It is I. I tell you the prospect of such bondage is perfectly appalling to me."

Ruth laughed.

"Come," she said, "for once I will bow to the yoke and acknowledge your sovereignty. For to night you shall reign right regally. Take off your damp coat, and possess yourself of father's arm-chair, which shall be your throne, while I, vassal-like, prepare your tea." She pushed the chair towards him with an air of mock reverence. "Will your highness be seated?"

Soon the brisk young housekeeper had the tea-kettle hissing anew on the hearth, (for the evening meal of the family had taken place long before,) while the lighted lamps and bright wood fire gave a cheerful aspect to the room. Mr. Ahrenfeldt sat in his arm-chair, following with his eyes every movement his companion made. Ruth was conscious of this. It embarrassed her. Looking up from laying the snow-white cloth, she said,

"Will your lordship be pleased to soften the rudity of your scrutiny? Human patience has its bounds. If you continue looking at me I shall break into open rebellion."

"Ruth," he said, without heeding her; "Ruth, do you know that you are very beautiful?"

"Yes sir. Did you think I would say 'no'?" she asked, merrily.

"I expected you to answer frankly, just exactly as you have. I cannot see you every day. Do let me feast my eyes while I have the opportunity. A fair exchange is no robbery. I give you permission to stare at *me* as long and as heartily as you will. See here! what is this?"

He took from his pocket a small ebony box, and opening it, held up to view a representation of the Crucifixion, admirably and delicately wrought in ivory. "It is for you." Ruth took it, looked at it earnestly, then gave it back, saying,

"It is very beautiful. But I am no Catholic, Philip."

"That need not prevent your acceptance of it, child. Take it, and if you will not have it yourself, give it to Father Lee."

"Indeed—I—I cannot."

"You cannot!"

"At least, I prefer not."

"You singular girl," cried Ahrenfeldt, "the more I see of you the more am I struck by your originality."

"And vexed by it perhaps."

"Sometimes—I acknowledge, yes!"

"And in this case?" she asked, eagerly.

"In this case, Ruth, I am not vexed. I am only wounded."

"I am very sorry," she responded, "but it is inevitable."

"More mystery! Ruth, if you care for me, speak out like a frank, brave woman. What is it? Do not, I beg, do away with the freedom of our position! Tell me what this means. I chose this little offering with particular reference to you. I was vain enough to think it would please you. I know the freshness, the correctness of your tastes, and I endeavored, I am sorry to say unsuccessfully, to adapt my gift to them."

"Oh, Philip, how unjust you are! Speak of women flying to a conclusion! I think the case is now just reversed. You know very well, at least you ought to know, that the worth or beauty of your gift had nothing to do with my refusal. The reason is simply this: I am proud, Philip!"

"I know it," he broke in, with a slight accent of bitterness.

"My social position is far removed from yours. I am poor—you are wealthy."

"And I am glad of it," said Mr. Ahrenfeldt, in a decided voice. "Ruth Hallowell, you are a woman whom I would not marry were your station in life one whit more elevated than it is. I have not felt so till lately. I tell you solemnly, were the case different from what it is, I would not marry you."

"You interrupt," she said, "constantly.—Let me once for all give you my reason for this thing. Until our marriage let it always be understood between us. You have just insinuated that your own pride would revolt from receiving anything, even an improved worldly position, from your association with myself. I perceive that you feel on this subject much the same as I. I rejected this pretty bagatelle," and she indicated the cross, "on a like principle. I wish to owe nothing to you. I cannot and will not accept presents from you. The idea is hateful, is galling to me. If I were not poor, this might not be. But *my* pride equals your own. I will not, before our marriage, become your debtor for anything but your esteem, and that I receive only on the understanding that I repay it with interest."

Ruth had been cutting slices of bread, and now stood before the arm-chair, earnestly and unconsciously brandishing in gesture the large knife with which she had performed the operation. More amused at the tableau she presented than annoyed at her words, to which he had hardly listened, Mr. Ahrenfeldt smiled.

"You wish to quarrel with me, then?" he demanded.

"By no means," said Ruth, returning with unaccountable vigor to her bread-cutting.

"What must I do, then? What is it that you wish me to do?"

"I desire simply to be allowed to preserve my independence."

"And you are wrong," said Ahrenfeldt.

"Perhaps so. I do not think that at the present moment either of us is competent to decide on that point. I often do ill-advised things, and this may be an instance. I am very contrary sometimes. I believe it gives me more pleasure to do wrong than to do right."

"In that respect," replied Mr. Ahrenfeldt, dryly, "you are very different from the rest of the world."

"Remember, then, you have been warned; don't ever say you haven't been warned," cried Ruth, still flourishing the knife; "and while I am on the subject of confession, I may as well tell you that—that I have a very bad temper."

THE ARRIVAL OF "COUSIN SAPHRONY."

"So have I," said her companion, "dreadful."

"And," responded Ruth, "I often shut myself up for days together, out of mere sullenness—never speak to a soul—you can't deny that you were informed in time."

"Certainly not. For my part, a week or two of the solitary penance you describe is nothing to me. But then I always emerge from it in a state of lamb like placidity. You see, in my case, the remedy is highly beneficial."

"Which goes to insinuate," cried Ruth, "that with me it is not. Well, well—I'll forgive you. The tea is drawn—will you sit down? I'll endeavor to do the honors in a becoming manner," and, with an air of burlesque dignity, she placed herself at the head of the table.

"But where is *madame la mere?*" asked Ahrenfeldt, as he drew up his chair.

A swift cloud passed over Ruth's fine features.

"Where? Oh, how wicked I am! To think I should have forgotten! Mother is with Sonora, who is very sick. Sonora came just after you went away."

"I know it," he said; "I reached home the day she left. So you see that I have not yet seen her. I feel a singular, intense desire to meet her. I heard that she had come here. She is sick, you say?"

"Yes, very, very feeble with a fever. We thought once she could not live. But she is better now."

"And you?" he said, anxiously, "for the first time, Ruth, I notice how pale you are.—You have over-exerted yourself. You are not well."

"I am—indeed, I am," she answered, smilingly; "I am only a little sleepy—that is all. How glad Sonora would be to see you if she could!"

"Would she? Poor child! It is strange; but I feel a vague presentiment, a dread of, as well as a desire for, knowing her. I cannot overcome it. Is it not odd? Has she told you anything of my brother, Ruth?"

"Yes."

She met his eye and blushed slightly.

"And of my mother?"

"Yes."

"A promising family, are we not? a right-minded, honorable family?" and Ahrenfeldt's lip curled.

"Hush!" said Ruth; "how dare you speak so? How dare you speak of your mother in that scornful, wrong way? Oh, Philip!"

"She is no mother to me, for she never loved me!"

"Philip!"

"Ruth, listen: I have told her all. She will not see you—she will not receive you as her daughter. A prejudice against you is the consequence of Sonora's rebellion."

Ruth became paler, but said nothing.

"I tried to persuade her into reason, but vainly. I—"

"Laws! Mr. Ahrenfeldt, is that you? Come back again, eh? How de do?"

And entering the room, Mrs. Hallowell held out her coarse, red hands in greeting. Ahrenfeldt pressed them cordially.

"Well, if this ain't a surprise! Did Ruth give you some tea? Must be fond of courtin', I 'spect, to come in all this rain—ha, ha!"

Ruth colored painfully, and Ahrenfeldt, as he was expected to do, laughed.

"Don't let me disturb you," continued Mrs. Hallowell; "I've got to go right straight back with Sonora's gruel, so eat your tea in peace. Ruth, you haven't given him the least bit of anything nice. I'm ashamed of you. Start up stairs with you, this minute, and git a cup of my best apple jelly."

Ahrenfeldt protested in vain; Mrs. Hallowell insisted, and Ruth, too glad to make her exit, went to obey her mother's command.—When she returned, Philip was alone in the kitchen. The young girl unfastened the covering of the cup, turned the jelly on a dish, and without a word placed it before him. Then she sat down, still silent by the fire, whose warmth the damp summer rain made not ungrateful.

"Ruth!"

"Well?"

"Say something to me."

There was no answer.

"Are you mute, child? Consider I have not seen you for two whole months."

"What shall I say?"

"Tell me that you are not vexed at me."

"Nor am I. Why should I be?"

"My child, the very tone of your voice in which you make the denial convinces me of your annoyance. Why is it? Is it pride, wounded, fretted by idle circumstance?—Awhile ago you were displeased because of a proffered gift, and now, a simple, innocent speech of your mother, and my natural amusement thereat, places me out of favor. Do you not see—can you not see that you will make both of us miserable?"

He rose from the table and seated himself beside her:

"Ruth, I did not come to-night expecting to remain. I have taken lodgings for a week or two near by, on the Jersey shore, and my boatman must be tired waiting in the rain to row me back to them. Although I have only just arrived, I could not resist making this flying visit. Before I go, I desire that you will tell me what your design is in all this. If I understand the case rightly, it is thus:—I love you: I bring to you some slight token of that love. And you refuse it."

Ruth did not raise her head to look at him.

"I have already explained," she said, wearily; "I told you I desired to preserve my independence."

"Independence! If you really loved me, you would not use that odious word. No woman would—because dependence is the natural, the ordained state of all womanhood."

"Do you think so?" she said, lifting her eyes slowly; "that is a subject open to debate. For my own part, I do not believe your assertion."

"See! let me tempt you again. You rejected that little crucifixion so decidedly, that I hadn't the courage to produce this box, and I assure you I feel scarcely more brave now."

Ruth smiled.

Ahrenfeldt raised the lid of the casket and revealed several ornamental articles of finely wrought gold.

"It is of no use, Philip."

"Then you refuse?"

She nodded, smilingly.

"Why?"

In the midst of her perplexity Ruth felt a strong inclination to laugh.

"If you will assure me that you have no intention of asking that question more than three or four additional times, I will answer. Because I *cannot* become your debtor *yet*."

"Ruth, what perversity is this? I do believe I am inclined to get angry. I would if—positively I—I—"

"Positively you will do nothing of the kind to-night; before this mist degenerates one more into rain, yo must go home. You can quarrel with me to your heart's content. I am not afraid of you—I have my reasons, and shall defend myself right valiantly. What is that noise? Oh, look—look!"

It was a slight tap upon one of the windows. Glancing up, they saw, pressed close against the pain the flattened features of a woman.

"Who is it?" said Ruth, as, grinning, the head was withdrawn. "Oh, I know now—it is Spitfire!"

Mr. Ahrenfeldt went to the door and looked out. Nothing was to be seen. But retreating slowly, and each moment growing fainter they heard the loud, shrill, well-known laughter of Spitfire.

CHAPTER XII.

By slow degrees Sonora Hallowell recovered. Again she began to move around—again the sound of her merry voice echoed throughout the house.

It was touching to see the care Ruth exercised over this newly restored health. She would not allow her sister to resume her household tasks, but out in the fresh summer air, made her expend her returning energy in lengthy rambles. Sometimes she and Ahrenfeldt accompanied her, and then a happier trio was seldom found. Many an hour was beguiled by Ahrenfeldt's fund of amusing anecdote, or the recital of ancient legends which he had accumulated on his old-world travels; while Sonora, for her part, contributed gay arias, and little touching lays to fill the intervening pauses. The gipsy knew full well the excellence of this fresh, full voice of hers. She was proud of it, and the delight it gave to others did not exceed her own. Sometimes she would sit for hours on the beach, watching the breakers roll in, singing. At such periods, although seeking solitude, she did not feel lonely. There was companionship in both wave and music. Ruth was very glad to see how much Ahrenfeldt liked Sonora, and how constantly he sought her society—it had been her only cause of anxiety before they met, and now that it was removed, she thought almost that she had nothing left to desire. With many of the members of the family Mr. Ahrenfeldt was a favorite, and John Hallowell, as he beheld him day by day at the island, was secretly pleased that Ruth had chosen so well, for the old Lighthouse keeper had his ambitions, and who has not?

Accomplished man of the world as he was, it was an easy task to Philip Ahrenfeldt to gain the liking of these simple, unlettered people. He had an hundred ways of pleasing when he chose to exert them, an hundred unobserved methods of drawing out apparent good from each one that he might seem to appreciate. Ah, it was an easy task, an easy task for Philip Ahrenfeldt. He was a man of the world in many of the senses of the term. There were many admirable qualities in his character as well as evil ones. A nicely balanced intellect deterred him from the perversion into which those of his constitution most naturally fall. His chief failing was vacillation. As a child he had been irresolute, and infirm of purpose and increasing years had added to his weakness. He was constant to but few things; the life he had led for the last eight years had confirmed the fault almost beyond remedy. Still he was not one to err without premeditation. He did nothing by impulse excepting when under the influence of an irritable temper, specimens of which we have already witnessed. Action with him was previously sanctioned by thought. No perfect man was Philip Ahrenfeldt. He was simply one of many. His life had not been a very wrong one, nor had it been productive of noble results. He had existed negatively, and like all negative lives, for self.

As he had purposed, he took up his quarters for a time on the New Jersey shore, which location allowed us frequent visits to Lighthouse Island, as though he had been actually resident there. It seemed almost as great a pleasure to the Hallowells to receive these visits as the rendering them gave to Philip himself. As has been said, he had a way of adapting himself to circumstances, which, in itself, was conducive to his popularity. He willed himself to be esteemed and he was successful.

The poverty—the humbleness, nay, even the coarseness of these people had now no influence on his mind. He had been, he was, fastidious in all his tastes, but the rough ill breeding of the family of the woman he loved had ceased to have unpleasant effect upon him.

It was a circumstance he well knew that was greatly to be deplored, but as it was utterly unavoidable, why should he not reconcile himself to it? Beside, he congratulated himself, contact with Ruth's relatives was not always to remain the necessity it was now. It was settled that they were to be united in the autumn. Once his wife, and he could remove her from all that was calculated to offend his innate delicacy. Lighthouse Island should then, he determined, behold them no more. The world of wit, genius, and beauty into which he should introduce his wife should know of her only as Mrs. Philip Ahrenfeldt, and should judge her accordingly. In herself there was nothing low, nothing unrefined. Had there been he could never have loved her—he could never have sacrificed his pride, and at first there had been, as we have seen, something of a struggle between this pride and his affection; the triumph was awarded as is so often the case under such circumstances to the heart, and not to the head. Ruth was keenly alive to all the failings, the lack of refinement in her family. Her sensitiveness was constantly wounded during Philip's visit to the island. But ever on the alert as she was to detect when her lover's good taste was wounded, or his well-bred amusement provoked, she was too proud to attempt disguise or palliation of the domestic scenes, which were the subject of her annoyance. Whatever she suffered she suffered in silence.

After a certain fashion, Ruth had been well educated. Father Lee, her sole instructor, although a poor and infirm man, dependent upon his nephew, John Hallowell, for his daily bread, was, nevertheless, a man of acquirements. On quitting the priesthood, which he had done surreptitiously years before, he found himself by extreme ill health disqualified to enter anew into a struggle for a livelihood, and consequently he accepted with gratitude the offer of a home on Lighthouse Island, on the self-imposed condition of becoming the tutor of the children of the family. Ruth had been always an especial favorite with him. Her intelligence and aptness for learning as a child far surpassed that of her brothers, who, with animal obstinacy, rejected all their instructor's efforts for their improvement. Therefore it was that while Ruth expanded into a promising and intellectual girlhood, and even Sonora profited somewhat by his instructions, Jem and Nicholas remained as they were, coarse and vulgar in all their characteristics. Since Jem's death a gloom had rested over the family, which Sonora's arrival had done much to dispel. The young girl's high spirits were now gradually returning. Her illness had not crushed her vivacity. She looked paler and more delicate, but as Mr. Ahrenfeldt said, "It is only the delicacy of a drooped lily which will soon revive heartily in the warm sunshine." Sonora did not seem to like the half smile with which these words were accompanied, but she laughed, and said she did not mean "to revive these three months. It was such fun to be everybody's first thought."

Philip Ahrenfeldt had taken a strong liking to Sonora, why or wherefore he was scarcely conscious, indeed he hardly admitted the fact to himself, although almost every one else remarked its existence. There was something about his future sister-in-law which kept his brain alive by its piquancy. The very circumstance of her own utter carelessness of manner towards him placed him at once at his ease with regard to her. No sultana was ever more supremely negligent of stooping to conciliate favor than was this light-headed girl, the daughter of a poor keeper of a lighthouse, Sonora Hallowell.

One day Ruth was busy making bread in the great kitchen. Her dress was turned up to the waist to avoid contact with the flour, and her round, white arms bared to the elbow, when suddenly Ahrenfeldt made his appearance at the open door. Sonora, who was sitting sewing, burst into gay laughter as, on beholding him, Ruth darted away uttering an exclamation. In vain Ahrenfeldt called to her, half vexed, half amused at her flight—she would come no nearer than the head of the stairs which led from the kitchen, and only then allowed a glimpse of herself to be seen through the partly open door.

"I want you," he said, laughing, "it is just the day for a sail—do come, Ruth."

"I cannot," she replied, "I am too busy to indulge in idleness just now. Take Sonora—I shall be through when you return. The child hasn't been out to day; and I shall be glad to get rid of both of you."

Ahrenfeldt turned around rather morosely.

"Do you hear, Sonora?" he said, "we are ordered to disappear. Do you feel like obeying? Where is your bonnet."

"Where it is likely to remain," said Sonora, with spirit, "I have no notion of being an obliging nobody upon whom you can vent the spleen of your disappointment. Not I. I am not ambitious of the post."

Mrs. Hallowell, who was busy at her spinning wheel, in its accustomed corner, now looked up and uttered an admonitory,

"Sonora!"

The girl met the maternal rebuke, and very coolly proceeded with her sewing. Ahrenfeldt walked up and down the room, evidently fretting with impatience, which in his hasty way, he did not attempt to control.

"Get your bonnet," cried Ruth, from the head of the stairs, "get your bonnet and go this minute, or my bread will not be improved by the delay."

Still Sonora did not move.

"Child," said Mrs. Hallowell, "don't you hear? Go, at once."

Ahrenfeldt approached.

"Will you, or will you not?" His manner seemed rather more deferential, it was in fact, humbled.

"I will," said Sonora, promptly, "but not because—that is—simply for the reason that my mother shall be obeyed." She laid aside her sewing.

And shortly after, Ruth, hearing the two leave the room, came flying down the stairs, two at a time, to resume her work. Her mother looked up at her fretfully, and said,

"That was pretty well worth while, I must say, Ruth, to run off as though you was ashamed of bein' seen makin' a batch of bread. The next thing, I 'spose, you will be ashamed to eat it."

Ruth began kneading very vigorously, but did not reply.

"For my part," continued Mrs. Hallowell, "when *I* was young, things was very different. If a girl could make a good loaf of bread, she thought herself great shakes, and so did the young men too, I 'spect. We wasn't a bit above work—not we. Times isn't what they used to be—more's the pity. Laws, child, there is somebody coming up to the door. Go see who it is."

Somewhat petulantly, Ruth shook the white meal from her hands, in order to comply with her mother's request, but before she reached the door, the sunlight was obstructed by the apparition of the new-comer upon its threshold. It was a woman. Both Ruth and Mrs. Hallowell gazed at her in amazement, so remarkable was her appearance. She was small, not more than four feet high, and well proportioned, and

withstanding extreme meagerness of figure. Her face was one of the most fantastic things ever seen. It was long and narrow, and consisted almost entirely of a huge, pointed nose, that overshadowed the other features, and drew upon its illustrious self, the supreme attention of the beholder. Her cheeks were gaunt and bony, her mouth large, and somewhat indicative of good nature, while her shaggy, elfish gray hair, hung in dishevelled locks over her eyes, which were black, and of a peculiarly restless and inquiring expression, rolling strangely, hither and thither, with an unmistakable expression of an unsettled intellect. Her garments corresponded in singularity with her person. Her dress was constructed of bright red merino, made very short, and displaying a pair of skeleton ankles, and long, flat feet, that looked as though they were originally invented for canoes. She wore no shawl or outer mantle, but simply sported an enormous blue silk hat, the four, pendant, yellow roses upon it, still further enhancing her charms. In one hand she swung, carelessly, a bundle of clothing tied up in a checked handkerchief. She was about fifty years of age; but all her movements had the sprycness and agility of a monkey; she came prancing into the kitchen with little, childish jerks, like an enormous grasshopper.

"Good-day," said this elfish apparition, making a low curtsey, smiling profusely, and at the same time revealing a very fine set of false teeth. "Good-day. I'm Cousin Saphrony. Don't you know me?"

"Good-day," returned Ruth, regarding her with an odd mixture of uncertainty and amusement.

"I'm come to stop awhile with you," continued the little woman, "perhaps a week or two, if I like it and find you treat me properlike. I'm Cousin Saphrony."

"Cousin Saphronia?" repeated Ruth, in some perplexity.

"Cousin Saphrony?" said Mrs. Hallowell, stopping her wheel with a sudden jerk. "Humph! Seems to me, Cousin Saphrony, I haven't a very good recollection of you."

"'Spect not," was the cool rejoinder, as the little woman took possession of the vacant Boston rocking-chair, and commenced rocking herself violently back and forth. "Had considerable trouble to find you out—but I thought I'd hunt up all the relations, this summer, so I wa'n't to be put off for a little spell of trouble. I'm Cousin Jeems' eldest, unmarried sister. You're acquainted with cousin Jeems Hallowell, *surelie*. He used to keep school, just at the bend down by the creek—you know—up in Varmont. Powerful good school-marster. He and Satry, and the twins, would a' admired to come with me—but I guess, they couldn't fix it this time."

"'Scuse me," said Mrs. Hallowell, rising and putting aside the wheel with a vast assumption of dignity, "'scuse me, but there is some mistake. *I* ain't got no Cousin Saphrony."

"*Now*, do you know," said the visitor, blandly, "I *thought* you was a going to say that. Thought it all the while. Airs, airs! But I aren't about taking offence; no, Cousin 'Mandy, I shan't stoop to take offence. I'm above it."

"But you can take a cheer, though, it seems," said Mrs. Hallowell, tartly, "and without bein' asked, too. My name is Amandy, sure enough—but I can't see how that makes me your cousin. I never even heerd of you before."

"I want to know! Why, how you talk! well, that *is* 'sprising. Never heerd tell on Saphrony Hallowell! Who'd a thought it? Guess you live pretty smart here," she said, looking complacently at a row of shining milk pans hanging on pegs over the chimney. "I'm glad you keep caows, 'cause I'm dreadful fond of milk. You don't ask me to take off my fixins, but I reckon it's too hot to keep them on,—so here goes."

Suiting the action to the word, she removed her hat, and laying it on the chair, where she had already placed her bundle, she commenced fanning herself with her apron.

Mrs. Hallowell looked at her visitor with an expression of gathering indignation, while Ruth, returning to her bread making, vented her amusement in sundry significant pinches, which operation seemed in a measure, at least, to relieve her inclination to laughing outright.

"Well, now," proceeded Cousin Saphrony, "if it aren't the most singular thing! I was a lookin' for this ere heouse the hull of this blessed day, and at last stumbled on it jest as easy like as may be. You see, I told our parson last week that I was a comin' here, and he 'vised me,—now, what do you think he 'vised me, Cousin 'Mandy?"

Cousin 'Mandy protested sharply that she didn't think, and didn't care, neither."

"Do tell!" said Miss Sophronia, opening her eyes, "well now, Cousin 'Mandy, that aren't polite? This world is all a theotin' show, and we ought to be polite while we ken. Well, you see, he 'vised me to write you a letter, and come afterwards. Was there ever sich an onreasonable man! In the first place, he might 'have knowed I wasn't much of a scholard in the writin way, and in the second place,—why, you see, I wouldn't a done it anyhow. 'Twould a looked stuck up—wouldn't it? And if I *have* a great deal to be stuck up about," she cast her eyes down in simpering humility, "I'm not the sort of person to show it. No. I always was of the opinion of Mister what-d'ye-call-'em, who observed 'charity vaunteth not itself, and isn't stuck up.'"

"That's Scripter," said Mrs. Hallowell, shortly.

"A revised edition," thought Ruth.

"Is this a darter of yourn, Cousin 'Mandy?" persisted the elfish visitor, blinking her eyes very patronizing at Ruth through her over-hanging, grizzly hair.

"Yes," was the crisp answer.

"Well, now, she ben't humly a bit, be she? Nice young creetur, I'm sure, by the air of her. I'll be bound if she don't look a little like one of Jeems's twins. 'Tain't no wonder, 'cause they're sich near relations."

"I'd like to know that," said Mrs. Hallowell, beginning to make her wheel move briskly again. "As far as I see, she ain't no more relation to your Jeems's twins than you be to me."

Miss Saphronia Hallowell drew herself up with an aspect of wounded dignity.

"I'm very sorry, Cousin 'Mandy, that you've showed so little pride of birth as to forgit all about your descendents which is now sleeping in their graves. You and me is of the same good old English stock. I am the grand darter of Moses Hallowell of England, what came over and settled in Varmont 'most seventy years ago, and you see, his brother was grandfather to your husband. For pity's sake, didn't you ever hear tell of Moses Hallowell?"

Ruth had.

"Mother," she said, "don't you remember father speaking of great Uncle Moses, how he came to America with his wife and children to live, and the family lost all trace of him, hearing nothing of him even after they emigrated to the United States themselves?"

"Mrs. Hallowell appeared to be lost in reflection.

"Sure enough," she said, at last. "I declare, if it isn't as clear as crystal! Well, Cousin Saphrony, how d'ye do?"

"Middlin', I'm obleeged to you," replied that damsel, with a face of triumph and complacency; "I *thought* you would remember grandfather Moses! Wasn't I lucky to find you to hum? Lived here long?"

"Ever so many years," replied Mrs. Hallowell. "Ruth, as soon as ever you have put this here bread to rix, show Cousin Saphrony up stairs. Maybe she'd like to rest herself with a nap."

This speech was decisive. Miss Saphronia Hallowell was established as a visitor at Lighthouse Island. When Mr. Abrenfeldt and Sonora returned, great was their amazement to find, curled up in the rocking-chair, a very goblin like little woman knitting furiously fast on a gray woollen stocking. On perceiving them, she rose with an alacrity that was surprising, considering her age, and making a deep courtsey said, by way of salutation,

"How d'ye do? I'm Cousin Saphrony, cum all the way from Varmont to make you a visit. Ain't you glad?"

It was several days before Mrs. Hallowell became accustomed to the singular habits of the queer little spinster. The claims of hospitality prevented an open clashing of words, but the wife of the keeper of the lighthouse did not altogether conceal the disdain at what she considered the benighted condition of her sister. That lady, on her part, was not slow at expressing astonishment at, or finding fault with, all things that were distasteful to her. Loud were her exclamations at the lack of comforts in the Lighthouse to which she had been accustomed, but singularly enough these discoveries did not at all hasten her departure. Ruth thought it more easy to tolerate her eccentricities than many of the members of the family, but it was only in consideration of her partial derangement that she did so. She could not believe that such a quaint conglomeration of oddities was the result of anything save a mild form of insanity, and with a constitutional dread of madness, she endeavored on all occasions to keep aloof from the object of her disquietude.

With the quick and penetrating acuteness of many deranged intellects, Miss Saphronia was not tardy in divining the cause of the two sisters' tacit avoidance of her, for Sonora shared Ruth's almost undefined uneasiness on the subject.

"My stars, children," she would say, "I bean't no more crazy than you be. If I worries you, howsdever, you mustn't take no more 'count of me than if I wasn't here. You have your ways, and laws, so have I! I shant mind your stoerin' clear of me, 'cause, you see, I 'spect I'm not proud, *if I be* pretty," and she would end with a long, hollow ha, ha! that set every stray lock of hair on her forehead tumbling in wild confusion over her eyes.

It was not long before Mrs. Hallowell discovered that Cousin Saphronia's visit was very likely to extend to an indefinitely lengthy period in the future, and as the elfish creature was as indolent as she was troublesome, the prospect was very distressing to so orderly a housekeeper. Everything the little spinster touched she left in an upside down condition, almost beyond remedy, frequently mislaying and losing articles at the very periods they were most needed. Occasionally she mislaid even herself, and at bedtime was often found asleep and nodding in some out of the way corner, under tables and chairs, or in places where it was least likely that she could be discovered. Her personal caprices were indeed numberless. Altogether, Cousin Saphrony was an enigma. Old Mr. Hallowell was the only person in the family who evinced for her any decided liking. As time wore on, he began to give evidence that he entertained for her an intense admiration, treating her always with an odd mixture of reverence and old fashioned gallantry.

During the long summer evenings, the twain would sit together on the little stoop taking snuff, and looking, as Sonora aptly and indignantly expressed it, "real *poky*."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AH, GOD, for a man with heart, head, hand
Like some of the simple great ones gone
Forever and ever by,
One still strong man in a blatant land,
Whatever they call him, what care I,
Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat—one
Who can rule and dare not lie.

—*Tennyson.*

☞ "John, did you find any eggs in the old hen's nest this morning?" "No, sir. If the old hen laid any, she mislaid them."

☞ A loafer who had been fined several weeks in succession for getting drunk, coolly proposed to the judge that he should take him by the year at a reduced rate.

☞ ONLY HALF TRUE.—What is the difference between an auctioneer and a postmaster? One does as he is bid, and the other as he is directed.

☞ Can it be denied that the deep sense of God is a haunting accompaniment of the deepest and grandest man? that, however it may coexist with weakness, and exempt itself without forfeiture to a certain stormy force, it is ever inseparable from the large and balanced soul, the spring at once of tenderness and strength? —*Martineau.*

☞ ADVICE OF GREAT PRACTICAL VALUE.—Most animals can be cowed by looking them steadily in the eye. If attacked by a dog, bear, or any other beast of prey, seize him by the root of the tongue—if by an alligator, gouge out his eyes—a mad bull may be held by one horn, and grasping with the thumb and finger the middle gristle of his nostril—or he may be held fast to a post or sapling by his tail, if you can take a turn and belay.

☞ We hear about the "angry waves of the ocean." Now, what makes the ocean angry? Because it has been crossed so often.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1857.

All the Contents of the Post are Set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of the POST is $2 a year *in advance*—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number.

The POST is believed to have a larger country circulation than any other Literary Weekly in the Union without exception.

The POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of the POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any energetic Newsdealer. Owing, however, to the great and increasing demand for the Paper, those wishing back numbers had better apply as early as possible, our rule being "First come, first served."

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—The POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest, are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

PROSPECTUS.

For the information of strangers who may chance to see this number of the POST, we may state that among its contributors are the following gifted writers:

WILLIAM HOWITT, (OF ENGLAND,) ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, GRACE GREENWOOD, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS. M. A. DENISON, EMMA ALICE BROWNE, The Author of "AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT," The Author of "ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM," &c., &c.

We are now engaged in publishing the following novelet, WHICH WILL BE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY WITH APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS:—

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

An Original Novelet, by the Author of "My Confession," "Zillah; The Child Medium," &c.

The following—WHICH WILL ALSO BE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY WITH ENGRAVINGS—will be published in due season:—

FOUR IN HAND; OR THE BEQUEST.

Written for the POST, by GRACE GREENWOOD.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY,

A TALE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, Author of "The Last of the Wilderness," &c., &c.

In addition to our original novelets, we design continuing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, ENGRAVINGS, View of the PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c. For terms, see the head of this column.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined: "The Bounteous Harvest;" "Twilight Whisperings," "The Confession;" "Mary Belman."

THE COMMERCIAL PANIC.

As the doings of the London Stock Exchange affect this world, so the doings of Wall street more immediately affect this country. And as Wall street doings are generally misdoings, the country has at certain periods a tolerably troubled time of it. In one of these periods the pecuniary interests of our mercantile men are now struggling. A shuddering circle of panic has spread from the central shock in New York, and widens over the convulsed waters of commercial affairs. This sudden engulfment of great business interests rocks the whole fleet of commerce, from the largest merchantmen to the smallest dories, and bids fair to swamp even more than those that have already gone down. We hope not, however, and trust that the general fright may soon have cause to cease. But money continues to be tight enough, and is not to be obtained even on first-class bills for less than three per cent. a month, which implies the sincerity of the general tremor, as well as the urgency of the financial needs that distress our merchants.

If business men would only take to heart the evident lessons these commercial disasters afford, there would be less cause for regret. If they teach anything, they teach us to put not our faith in merchant-princes, and to shun stock-gambling and rash speculations. In this keen game of grasping bulls and bears, there is no safety for any man. Far better to hug the dull shores of a sure trade, than to tempt the chances of the speculative whirl-pool. Let every business man keep in his mind the images of danger and shipwreck when he proposes to himself to risk his fortunes in the issues of stocks, which for aught he knows, have only a fictitious value, or in the dealings of houses whose pretentions may be utterly unfounded. We have in our commercial centres, cliques of men so possessed with the miserable mania for money-making, that they have scooped out their consciences and stuffed the hollow with lies. They have corrupted the very language to conceal the character of their operations and their own. Their rascalities retire into equivoque and cloudy names. Arrant thieves as they really are—cut-purses by circumlocution—they mask that otherwise evident fact with the mild title of financiers. When their victims' losses make their theft apparent, they blandly shield themselves with the respectable epithet of defaulters or insolvents. Swindling they christen over-operating. Lending out money entrusted to their keeping, they call accommodation. Losing other people's money in private speculation, they call suspending. Insolvency by dishonest over-issue of notes, they term being short of currency. Embezzlement they transform into extension of liabilities. There is not a single act in the whole tangle of financial duplicity, falsehood and robbery, that they have not a false and fine name for. Who can trust the statements or the inducements such creatures offer? They are utterly unscrupulous and dishonorable, and will not hesitate to employ any means to secure their wretched ends. They will bribe a venal press to make false representations in their favor, and lie a stock up or down, as suits their convenience. The little wealth of poor men, and the greater wealth of richer men, once gulled into their traps of fraud, a collapse ensues, and all is lost. See what a deplorable state of things now exists! Panic rushing through thousands of hearts—public confidence in the banks weakened—business credit everywhere under suspicion—business firms trembling or tottering—the money market suffering stricture—men reduced to penury—and all in consequence of the knavish plots and pretences of a coterie of Mammonites who stick at nothing when there is a prospect of personal pecuniary gain. Perhaps some of our readers will not assent to this view of the matter. Let them invest their money in some of these attractive enterprizes, and when they lose it, think the matter over again!

Another lesson that ought to be got by heart, but which we fear never will be, is that the doing of business on credit is a very insecure and dangerous policy. Its lightest evil is that it makes a man's business, in nine cases out of ten, drive him haggard with all manner of shifts and embarrassments. Cash business is sure business—slow, no doubt, in many cases, but sure. Pay as you go, is as good wisdom now-a-days, both for buyer and seller, as it ever was. Driving your business is a better operation than letting your business drive you; and in mercantile affairs there is altogether too much of this putting the horse into the cart, and getting into the shafts yourself. It must be admitted that if fortunes are made more slowly on the cash principle, they are made more surely. At anyrate they are not risked or lost, and hope and heart are not worn and broken with distresses and disasters. A wise man will so govern his affairs, as to keep light in his eyes and health in his cheeks, no matter how slowly he betters his worldly fortunes.

It is the old, old story. We make too much haste to be rich, and to rake together the wealth which we must leave at the mouth of the grave, we sacrifice all that makes life pleasant and prodigal of blessings. In the panting rush of the race for the glittering prizes at the goal, we lose the truer joys of "sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing." The effects of the utterly ridiculous estimation in which money is held, are sad beyond the power of words to describe. Avarice grows upon us, and supplants the nobler passions and energies of the soul. We lose sight of the true aims of life, and fail in probity, integrity, generosity, simplicity, reverence and honor. Is this well? Would that our people might learn better lessons! Wealth should not be undervalued; let it be temperately regarded as a condition of social convenience, and the means to worthy ends; but its acquisition should not engross life, nor should our desire to be millionaires overtop our desire to be noble men. Well for us if we keep our immortal part regnant above the things of time, remembering

"that virtue and the faculties within
Are vital; and that riches are akin
To fear, to change, to cowardice and death."

EXTRA-TELEGRAPHIC.

The Directors of the Atlantic Telegraph Company continue "as sanguine as ever," says the foreign gossip, "with regard to the feasibility of their plan,"—which, considering how important it is that the stock should be kept up in the market, is highly necessary, and also, considering the strong probability of ultimate success, highly commendable. No decision has as yet been arrived at, on their part, relative to future operations. The manager of the enterprise, Mr. Bright, has published his report, which does not appear to throw any new light on the causes of the snapping of the cable, and which rather confirms our opinion that the affair was not entrusted to the most able hands. It seems as if a little branch of the great Circumlocution Office got on board the Telegraph fleet, and practised How not-to-do-it with its usual success. The story which went the rounds of the press so triumphantly just before the commencement of the enterprise, and which was thought at the time a very fine thing, now returns to the satirical memory, and does not seem so fine. It was said that a gentleman who visited the *Agamemnon* while she lay in port—probably one of those ferocious radicals who are always wanting to know, you know—offered some suggestions and criticisms upon the proposed mode of procedure. Whereupon Commander Noddal, of the *Agamemnon*, turned upon the low-minded wretch who had thus presumed to doubt the absolute and faultless wisdom of the plan resolved upon, and —"with great dignity," says the enraptured journalist—that is, probably, with great supercilliousness—gorgonizing, no doubt, the base caviller "from head to foot with a stony British stare"—replied: "Sir, if you don't think we shall succeed, the *Agamemnon* is not the place for you." Crushing rebuke! Admirable repartee! But as Commander Noddal didn't succeed, it rather seems now as if an act of Parliament in his behalf—if such things are within the parliamentary province—changing his name to Commander Noodle, would be about the thing for him. And as Mr. Bright does not appear to have specially justified *his* name by any particular brilliancy or efficiency of management in his share of the matter, perhaps Parliament might as well add another stroke of work to the other, and re-christen him Mr. Stupid. Joking aside, the above anecdote does not give one a very cheering impression of the spirit in which this work was undertaken—no more than the account we have of the methods employed in carrying it out, which resulted so disastrously, does of the foresight, judgment, and practical ability of its chief manager. Pride must have a fall, says the old saw, but its latest modern instance gives us cause for melancholy when we reflect that in falling, the telegraph cable fell with it. For our own part, with not the slightest disposition in the world to set ourself up as one of the I-told-you-so sages—though we modestly admit that we are a sage—we must say that we mistrusted the immediate success of the enterprise when we saw what a prodigious peacock's tail the managers were spreading before the admiring public, in advance of the commencement. However, we wish them well. Doubtless, they have concluded to furl their flaunt of feathers, and as they have probably learned a little modesty through the medium of an unexpected mortification, and perhaps gained, through sad experience, some degree of competency for their business, there is a reasonable hope that they will be successful at the next effort, which we trust they may be.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 239—Adults 69, and children 170.

EAST INDIAN AFFAIRS.

The latest news from India is not very important, though of evil omen to the British arms. Two of the English leaders, General Barnard and Sir Henry Lawrence, are dead—the one of disease, the other of a wound received in a sortie. The revolt has spread wider, and Cawnpore has been recaptured by the English after the natives had wrought great massacre of the Europeans there.—Delhi is yet in the hands of the Hindus. Of course the English journals still bellow for revenge. A juster and gentler spirit permeates the counsels and the comments of a small portion of the British press, but the most influential papers maintain a tone of vindictive ferocity which is fearful to notice. There was some hope that powerful *Punch* would lend its influence to the right side, and in a recent number, it not only flung a branding pasquinade (which we copy in another column of this paper) at that corporation of muck rakes known as the East India Company, but, taking a hint from the horrible mode of vengeance lately adopted by the British authorities in India, it printed a caricature representing Mr. *Punch* as a British artillery-man, touching off a great cannon, at the muzzle of which a personification of the East India Company, is blown to fragments—its screaming head topped with a fool's cap, flying in one direction, and its various members, labelled, "Avarice," "Nepotism," "Supineness," "Blundering," "Misgovernment," scattering every way in an explosion of spectacles, account-books, gold-headed canes, money-bags, and other appurtenances of that guild of nabobs. All this was good, implying, as it did, that the East India Company is at fault, and should be dealt with for its past mal-administration of affairs in India, and its grasping greed of gold. But in a later number, the promise fails, and *Punch* panders to the wild national lust for revenge, in a picture representing the British Lion leaping over the jungle, with bristling mane and fierce, carnivorous passion in his straining jaws and bloody eyes, upon a shrinking, snarling Bengal tiger fixed at bay over the dead bodies of an English mother and her child. What horrid paganism such a picture declares! Only to think of the pure, sane sweetness of the Savior Britain adores in words and forms, and then to think that the chosen symbol of British feeling and purpose at this juncture, is the image of a ravenous beast, springing to carnage! For not only on the pages of *Punch*, but in all the orations and articles of the Government publicists, as in the raging hearts of the populace, that savage lion ramps and roars for Hindu blood. This after eighteen centuries of Christian light and labor, in a land of Bibles and churches, of martyrs and confessors, of saints and apostles, of education, and reason, and civilization! Let the thoughtful lover of the race estimate by this gauge, the measure of the world's advance from the low estate of barbarism toward the ideal of Christian government and society.

"By all means," says the London *News* in its last number, discoursing with eminent gravity on the means best adapted for the maintenance of British oppression in India, and of course counselling as a part thereof, the measures of terror—"by all means, let missionaries go to India and preach the Gospel." Exquisite mockery! Supposing, instead, those persons who have no need of missionaries—the British officers and gentlemen, for instance, who lately blew from the muzzles of their guns, in a ghastly spatter of bloody heads and limbs, forty Hindu men in one day—supposing they were to *practice* the Gospel their churchmen are to preach! How would that work? Ah, gentlemen, that little ounce of example would be worth a thousand pounds of precept! So long as you neglect to show in your lives, to the Hindu eye, that the creed of the Saviour is more humane and just and wise than the creed of Juggernaut—so long there will be a harm no preaching can heal, a wild spirit of rebellion and rapine and murder no churchmen can lay!

It is at once curious and sad to glance back at the history of the British conduct in India, and, while the British Journals are furiously parading the recent atrocities committed by the infuriated Sepoy soldiers on the Europeans, to notice the deeds that have been constantly done, in the natural course of business, by the officials of the East India Company during their century of occupation in that country. Let us remember, in passing, the naturally dreamy and gentle character of the Hindu. "Mild as a Brahmin"—has become a proverb. What has changed that meek and placid character into demoniac ferocity? Have the following incidents in the measures resorted to by the British officials for the collection of taxes from reluctant Hindus, or the compulsion of the resisting virtue of Hindu women—have they had anything to do with it? Flogging with whips—strangling to the verge of suffocation—breaking the hands—dislocating the back-bone—wrenching the ears—forcing the victim to sit on the soles of his feet with stones behind his knees—tying his hair to the tail of a wild buffalo—suspending women by the hands to the ceiling, and stinging them with a hive of wasps—have these things had anything to do with it? Because, if it is all right and natural that the British Christian should become so infuriated by the cruelties lately perpetrated in the fury of revolt in India, as to call for the most indiscriminate and unsparing massacre of the insurgents, innocent and guilty at once, without judge or jury, is it less right and natural that the Hindu pagan should have become so exasperated by the spectacle and long sufferance of these cold-blooded outrages, as to have worked *his* wild vengeance without discrimination or mercy? The worst outrages, however, which British cupidity and brutality have in past time committed on the unfortunate Hindu, may not be told here. We would not needlessly horrify our readers—but there is Edmund Burke—the noblest star that gilds the galaxy of British statesmanship: we refer them to the evidence regarding these crimes presented by him at the impeachment of Warren Hastings—evidence which has never been destroyed or impaired. There are deeds set down there that affright the soul, and almost make one despair of human nature. With such a record before our eyes, we need not wonder that mild Brahmin and stern Mahommedan, with the memories of their wrongs constantly at work upon their hearts, should have been slowly transformed into fiends. Long oppression and constant cruelty can make even good men bad, and bad men devils. Yet with the record of these diabolisms in the archives of England, and on the pages of her statesmen and biographers, the London *Times*, with other venal presses, has the matchless effrontery—the inconceivable impudence—to parade the late Hindu atrocities, with a Pharisaic shudder, and a barbarian howl for vengeance! This, while British Christians have actually been the tutors of the Hindu pagans, teaching them, by example, year after year, the veriest refinements of cruelty, and maddening them into bettering the instruction!

Really, when one scans the present courses of men and nations, which Coleridge so well characterized as "a wild and dream-like trade of blood and guile," one feels much sympathy with the German writer, Zschokke, when, lying on the grass, and gazing up into the deep, sacred blue of the summer sky, with a sense of the actions and occupations of mankind in his musing mind, he concluded that the world was, in effect, a great lunatic asylum. It looks very like that, at times. But then, as the Beranger of England—Charles Mackay—so cheerily sings in that grand lilt which has gone like a strain of morning music over the continents—

"There's a Good Time Coming, boys,
Wait a little longer!"

May it come soon!

AN IMPOSSIBLE PROJECT.

A fair correspondent of a New York paper makes a proposition to the ladies of America, which we really hope will not be acted upon, since the insuperable difficulty of its execution can only entail upon its agent a most humiliating failure. It is proposed that "the wives and daughters of our first families" procure a bridal present for the Princess Royal of England, to be presented to her at her approaching nuptials, with an address pat to the occasion, expressing the emotions of the eminent respectability of the feminine portion of this country, in contemplation of that august ceremony. The insuperable difficulty we have referred to as being in the path of this affecting and admirable enterprise, is, that considering the short time we have to arrange the necessary preliminaries, and the immense number of wives and daughters that belong to our first families in this extensive country, the nuptials would be a long time past before we could succeed in taking the necessary census of our republican aristocracy, or get at all far advanced in the tabulation of the multitudinous subscriptions. In a country like ours, the theory of whose society is so totally and essentially different from that of Europe—a country in which, of course, worth, and not wealth, constitutes the aristocracy, and in which all men with brave and gentle and generous hearts, no matter what their occupation or condition, must be considered gentlemen, as all women with the same high qualities must be accounted ladies, it follows that the head-roll of our gentility must be as long as it is lustrous. A convention, therefore, of our first families, or a correspondence between them for any given purpose, would in either case, be a very stupendous affair to accomplish, since it would necessitate a plan of operations extending from Iowa to Florida, from Maine to Mississippi, through all kinds of people, from the woman who nourishes her lofty heart to deeds of valor and charity in the sumptuous saloon of a palatial residence, to her who keeps her spirit true to the same high duties in the rude square of a poor farmer's log-cabin, with the homely furniture and domestic utensils around her, and her sun-burned children playing at that cabin door. It will, therefore, be seen that the execution of this project is not strictly feasible, and that it must, in consequence, be abandoned.

Yet we admit that something might be done in this way, and that it ought to be, and can be, though in a disinterested and unobtrusive manner, without invading the circle of royalty, or even seeming to thrust ourselves into its notice. Undoubtedly all true hearted women, as well as men, in this country, must feel an interest in this young English princess, just as they would feel an interest in any young girl whom they heard was about to assume the marriage relation, so ineffably sacred and awful in its deep joys and sorrows, its spiritual ordeals and lessons, its serious cares and sober problems, and its connection with the unborn spirits that lie, dreaming of life, in the silent land of souls. Let, then, the wives and daughters of our innumerable first families give, as their marriage gift to this young princess, on the day when the news of her nuptials comes to their ears, those true, kind wishes for her future happiness and welfare which they would give to any woman about to assume the most sacred responsibilities that life can know, and which, costing nothing, are yet more costly than mines of jewels. Let them give her the hope that she may be a happy wife and mother;—the trust that if she ever comes to sit upon the ancestral throne, she may rule, beloved and revered, for the highest beatitude of her people;—the prayer that her life may glide on, rich with compensations, to an honored grave, and on through all the cycles of existence, till it reaches "the heavenly city of palm-trees." And having given this, they have given all.

SAM SLICK, THE CLOCKMAKER, by JUDGE HALIBURTON, which has been out of print for several years is now re-issued, (by T. B. Peterson,) in handsome style and with engravings. Of course it is well known as one of the most humorous works we have, abounding with the keenest bits of political and social sense—at least, in a small way—and with the shrewdest observations and criticisms on life and affairs. The picture of the Yankee mind given in the Clockmaker, though often running to caricature and even to coarseness, is generally true and good, besides being highly amusing.

COPPEE'S ELEMENTS OF LOGIC (E. H. Butler & Co., Philads.,) is a concise and clearly written manual of logic for the use of youth, based upon Archbishop Whately's celebrated text-book. Its author is known as a late professor of ethics and English branches at West Point, and is at present professor in the Pennsylvania University.

CORINNE, OR ITALY. BY MADAME DE STAEL, a work well known to the lovers of romance, and lately noticed in these columns, has been issued in cheap style, (by T. B. Peterson,) which puts it within the reach of everybody.

SYLVESTER SOUND, THE SOMNAMBULIST, (T. B. Peterson) whose amusing pages are known, is also issued in cheap form.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

PARIS, Aug. 20th, 1857.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The inauguration of the new buildings of the Louvre, which complete the grand double rectangle of which the Tuileries forms the western line, took place on Friday last, as had been announced. The papers, which have run the subject of the Indian Mutinies dry, and which have found the question of the Principalities cut away from under their pens by the recent understanding at Osborne, have thrown themselves with the eagerness of starving men upon the history of this noble building; and are filling their columns with extracts from all the old writers who have treated of the subject. Without following them through the mazes of elaborate dissertation in question, I may just mention that the site and name of this superb Palace of the Arts have been, from the earliest period of French history and tradition, appropriated to a royal residence. Antiquarians differ about the derivation of the name; the most probable explanation of the word *Louvre* being, that which derives it from *Louvhart*, a hunting-lodge; a word now obsolete, but in vogue when *Louveterie*, or wolf-killing, constituted a very prominent part of a hunter's avocations. The fact that a hunting lodge was built on this spot by King Dagobert, at a period when the site of modern Paris was a dense forest, extending for many miles inland on the northern bank of the Seine, would seem to countenance this derivation. Once established as a royal hunting-lodge, it is easy to see how the little rude building grow and spread itself, becoming first a country-seat whither royalty repaired to rusticate and amuse itself, away from the growing formalities of courtly etiquette, then a larger and more pretentious edifice as it rose in royal estimation, and at length, as the capital gradually increased and environed it, the favorite resort, and lastly the habitual residence of the sovereign. Many buildings have thus succeeded one another on this site; but it was not until the latter part of the sixteenth century that the Louvre became the established residence of the kings of France. The erection of the Tuileries, however, soon drew the sovereign from the ancient to the newer abode; and Louis XIV., who was born in the Louvre, passed his maturer life at the Tuileries. To trace the history of the former through all the subsequent changes of its destiny, would lead me too far; suffice it to say, that the completion of the Louvre was a favorite dream of the first Emperor, and of Louis Philippe; that the short-lived republic of 1848 voted the measure, and that the present ruler of France has carried it out. The style of the new erection is extremely ornate; adorned with hundreds of statues of the most distinguished *savans*, artists and writers of France, groups of allegorical figures, pillars and colonades; and so covered with delicate carvings over its entire surface, that you can hardly find a square foot of unsculptured stone. Even the zinc roofs are ornamented with rich garlands, suns, &c., finely cast in the metal; they are to be gilded, and will produce a very charming effect.

I often wonder, on passing through this magnificent enclosure, and admiring the ingenuity with which the letter N, and the Napoleonic arms and bees are introduced into every part of the delicate traceries that convert this vast pile into an expanse of tasteful and beautiful detail, in what way the triumphant party destined to find itself at the top of the wheel after the next outbreak (whenever that may be!) will contrive to get rid of the obnoxious symbols without destroying the edifice. The half obliterated "*Liberte, Egalite, Fraternite*" of the last regime, that one often sees looking out from underneath the Imperial insignia that have succeeded them, inevitably suggest cogitations of this nature.

A GRAND CEREMONY.

The ceremony of the inauguration was simple and appropriate, though conducted with all that orderly parade, and tasteful arrangement so conspicuous here on all such occasions.

A large hall on the first floor was chosen as the scene of action. The broad staircase leading to it was carpeted, hung with tapestries, and bordered with hedges of shrubs and flowers. Two lines of the Cent-Gardes, in their magnificent uniform of blue, lilac, white leather and silver, were ranged on the stairs, and looked fully as ornamental as the flowers. The hall itself was ornamented with statuary borrowed from the Gallery of Antique Sculpture in another part of the building, with medallions containing the imperial arms and cipher, and hangings of crimson velvet and gold. Two thrones of the same materials were prepared for the Emperor and Empress, flanked by gilded chairs for the rest of the Imperial family. Rows of benches covered with velvet were also prepared for the guests.

The Imperial cortege was conveyed in the gay carriages of the Court to the door at the foot of the staircase, arriving exactly at two o'clock, the time indicated. The weather was fine, and a great crowd had gathered outside, and along the line of approach from the Tuileries. The Emperor and Empress, who are looking very well, were well received by the people. Cannon went off at regular intervals, flags were flying, the preparations for Saturday's festivities being already pretty well advanced.

The diplomatic corps, the deputations of learned professions, of the army, the clergy, &c., and also of the arts and work-people who had been employed in the work, were already assembled when the Court arrived. All rose as the Emperor and Empress walked in, arm-in-arm, followed by the other members of the Imperial family, visitors, and members of the Court. When the Imperial people were seated, the Minister of Public Works, M. Fould, read an address to the Emperor, recounting the history of the building, the attempts of preceding sovereigns to finish it, and the accomplishment of this aim by his present Majesty. In conclusion he read over a list of the artists and workmen who have most distinguished themselves by their zeal and devotion during the progress of the undertaking, thus meriting the decorations of the Legion of Honor, which it was the Emperor's purpose to bestow. As he read their names, these persons all came forward, advancing, as summoned, to the foot of the throne, and receiving their decorations from the Emperor. The recipients bowed to Majesties, who returned the salute; the Empress's movements being, as usual, the perfection of quiet grace.

This little ceremony over, the Emperor and Empress rose, and the Emperor read a reply, all the company rising at the same time. In this speech the Emperor expressed, in neat paragraphs, his satisfaction at "the termination of the work which France had had at heart for so many centuries;" and went on to observe that the dwellings of the sovereign always partook of the social character of the period, being surrounded by moats and batteries in warlike times, by arts and elegance in the more civilized and peaceful periods of late social development, and that thus the France of to-day, the country of arts, and refinement, and splendor, had surrounded the dwelling of the sovereign with the trophies of Peace, of Science, and of Art. And so on. After this speech, which, of course, was loudly applauded, the Emperor and Empress took their departure, followed by the Court, going off in the order in which they had come, amidst the *vivats* of the people inside, and the faluter demonstrations of those in the streets.

In the evening the gallery was again brought into requisition. The civic fathers gave a grand dinner, to which all the artists, the architects, and the workmen employed in the new constructions, sat down together. M. Lefuel, the architect of the crown, presided; and among the guests was a poor woman, the widow of one of the stone masons, who had died while the work was going on. The widow took to the trade of her deceased husband, which she carried on with remarkable zeal and success, taking the place left vacant by her husband, thus maintaining her children as well as herself.

FESTIVITIES UNDER WATER.

It had been known that unusual preparations were being made for the celebration of the Emperor's birthday, on the day following the inauguration of the Louvre; and a great concourse of people had come in from the neighborhood of Paris by rail. Unfortunately the weather changed; and after having been disappointed of rain for weeks during which it was ardently desired, Paris was drenched, during this especial day, with violent showers. But when this city has made up its mind to be amused, amused it will be, in spite of Fate and weather. The people employed in putting up the platforms, the illuminations, &c., persevered in their work the Operas and Theatres (opened *gratis* at 2 o'clock) were besieged by eager crowds, who stood patiently and good-humoredly in the rain from 5 o'clock in the morning; and while the great personages of the Diplomatic corps, the Senators, the Council of State, and the Members of the Legislative Chamber and Learned Bodies, went in state to Notre Dame to hear High Mass and a sermon preached by the new Archbishop, the sight-loving Parisians, marching from point to point of the *fete* under dripping umbrellas, contrived to witness the regattas on the Seine, the climbing of Maypoles in the Squares, and the representation of a piece supposed to illustrate scenes in the late Kabylian Campaign, performed by a company of actors from the Circus, and a large body of troops, on a platform erected for the purpose in the Champ de Mars. This vast sandy plain, incapable of holding water, even on such a day as last Saturday, was the Paradise of sight-seers, in spite of the rain. Conjurors, mountebanks, tumblers, &c., abounded; each the centre of an admiring crowd. The Maypoles were climbed, and stripped of their prizes, with the utmost rapidity, the rain having washed off the soap which usually renders it so difficult to reach the top.

A PARISIAN SPECTACLE.

But the great attraction of the day was the Kabylian scene aforesaid, called "*The Submission of the Beni-Raten.*" Now, the Beni-Raten, however little known elsewhere, are among the proudest and most warlike of the Arab tribes with whom France has had to struggle for the possession of Algeria; consequently it was, for the Parisians, a very exciting spectacle. The platform, which served as a theatre, and which was skillfully decorated, represented the valley of Sebaou, at the foot of the Djurdjura Mountains; to your left was a fountain; to your right a house inhabited by an old Kabyle and his young wife. Other Arabs are seen going through the valley; some, the amphora on their shoulder, fetch water from the fountain; and others gather dates to fill their baskets; and meantime a quarrel springs up between the old Kabyle and his wife. The neighbors make fun of the old husband, who, to show his power, begins to beat his wife; but the latter turns upon him, and gives him a pair of hearty slaps that might be heard a mile off, and the husband, subdued by this display of vigor, kneels down in a sudden fit of meekness, and begs pardon of his outraged "better half."

The neighbors laugh still louder at the termination of the quarrel, when the chief of the Beni Raten is seen approaching with his people. The marabout who follows him proclaims that an alliance has been entered into with the tribe of the Arb-Douella, against the French. Cries of joy are heard deputations of *goums* (great men) from neighboring tribes begin to arrive, the proclamation of the Governor of Algeria is torn up by the Marabout, and the war-cry is heard in every direction. The chief orders a *fete* to celebrate this happy confederation, and the people are *fooling* it merrily in front of the fountain, when trumpets are heard, and a body of French troops are seen defiling into the valley. The crafty Kabyles scamper off in every direction, hiding themselves in the gorges of the mountains.

The French column now enters the valley, considers it a charming halting-place, and throws itself down to sleep around the fountain. Luckily the sergeant, Flicquot, surnamed Sharp-nose, keeps one eye open for the safety of his comrades; for the Marabout, looking out on the sleeping soldiers, creeps forward like a serpent, with a dagger in his hand; he is going to stab the officer, when Sharp-nose, who has seen all his doings, suddenly shoots him dead in the grass where he is crawling along. The noise of the pistol wakes the soldiers; they spring to their feet; and the officer orders a charge with the bayonet on the perfidious Kabyles. The charge is made, and very brilliantly, but without success; the Kabyles bounding like so many chamois to the summit of the mountain, strongly fortified with palissades.

Meantime the French explore the cottages, which they find to be deserted; but they capture a number of earthen pots full of butter, which they bring out with great glee, when their joy is increased by finding that the pots contain gold under the butter. Elated by this discovery, the soldiers proceed to investigate the contents of an enormous jar, which they have brought out from one of the best of the houses. In this jar they find, not the treasure they had hoped for, but the old Kabyle who had quarrelled with his wife, and who, unable to run quickly like the rest of his people, had jumped into the jar for safety. The soldiers, though angry at the old fellow for not being gold, end by taking their disappointment in good part; they quiz him unmercifully, which, as he does not understand French, probably has less effect on his feelings than they imagine; and at length they leave him free to return to his dwelling.

The French troops now pitch their tents in the valley, determined not to leave without reducing this refractory tribe. The general gives the order to attack the retrenchments at the top of the mountain; but the sides are so abrupt, so steep, and so difficult, that they cannot scale the mountain; when the Zouaves rush forward, climb the steep flank like so many goats, carry the palisades in their impetuous rush, while the rest of the army follows, with ringing cries, and the artillery sweeps off the poor Kabyles like snow-flakes. The rout of the latter is complete; the French take up their position in the strong hold of the Beni-Raten, and the tricolored flag floats in triumph from the crest of the Djurdjura.

The concluding *tableau* represents the Kabyles making their submission to the conquerors, and the French army defiling out of the valley in triumph, with the Kabyle hostages forming a group in the centre of the column.

Executed in the most admirable manner by the accomplished performers of the circus, and no less than 400 cavalry soldiers, 1,200 infantry, and two batteries of artillery, this representation was really a magnificent affair—one of those trifles which are made important by their wonderful execution and effect, such as France only can get up—and was received with enthusiastic applause by the vast mass of spectators who gazed at it with intense satisfaction from under their umbrellas.

At eight o'clock the fireworks began. Happily the rain held up just in time for these superb displays, which do the highest credit to Ruggieri's talent and genius, to show off to the fullest advantage. These consisted of three parts. The first represented a vast line of fire, over 700 feet long, composed of letter N's with crowns over them, alternating with a sort of medallion; on one side of these medallions was the word *war*, on the other *peace*. A resplendent sun, darting forth magnificent rays, occupied the centre of the chain, or gallery, thus formed. The second part represented geometrical figures, illuminated with Bengal lights, bouquets of Roman candles, rockets bursting into showers of colored stars, and bombs of flame of every hue. The third part consisted of a gigantic eagle, with outstretched wings, which suddenly appeared above the summit of the Trocadero (the level top of the hill opposite the Champ de Mars, the project for embellishing which, was mentioned in a former letter;) this eagle, surmounted by the Imperial Crown, held in its claws the lightnings of war; it stood on a globe representing the earth, across which appeared the words, *To Napoleon III.*, after which a terrific explosion was heard, and the eagle disappeared in the magnificent final burst, composed of every species of beautiful and brilliant fireworks, which terminated the superb display.

A military spectacle, and fireworks, were also given, as usual, at the Barriere du Trone, on the opposite of Paris, for the gratification of that part of the population which cannot manage to come so far from their homes.

No accident of any kind happened during the *fete*, which passed off with great spirit, and to the evident enjoyment of all concerned.

QUANTUM.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the Awful Will,
And bear it with an honest heart.
Who misses or who wins the prize?
Go lose or conquer as you can,
But if you fall or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.
—*Thackeray.*

☞ A fashionable countess asking a young nobleman which he thought the prettiest flower, roses or tulips, he replied with great gallantry, "Your ladyship's two *lips*, before all the *roses* in the world."

☞ OLD AGE AND CHILDREN.—The affection of old age is one of the greatest consolations of humanity. I have often thought what a melancholy world this would be without children, and what an inhuman world without the aged.—*Coleridge.*

☞ Boswell was talking away one evening in St. James' Park, with much vanity; said his friend Temple, "We have heard of many kinds of hobby horses, but, Boswell, you ride upon yourself."

☞ A boy, who was sent to know how an old woman, named Wilkins, was in health, delivered his message thus—"Please, marm, missus wants to know how old Mrs. Wilkins is?" To which she replied—"She is just seventy four."

☞ "Is molasses good for a cough?" inquired Jones, who had taken a slight cold, and was barking with considerable energy. "It ought to be," said Brown, "it is sold for *consumption*."

☞ In speaking of a learned sergeant, who gave a confused, elaborate and tedious explanation of some point of law, Curran observed, "That whenever the grave counsellor endeavored to unfold a principle of law, he put him in mind of a fool whom he once saw struggling a whole day to open an oyster with a rolling-pin."

☞ The world is full of judgment days, and into every assembly that man enters, in every action he attempts he is gauged and stamped. "What has he done?" is the divine question which searches men, and transpierces every false reputation.—*Emerson.*

☞ Finn, the celebrated comedian, once stumbled over a lot of wooden ware in front of a man's store, whereupon the shopkeeper cried out, "You came near 'kicking the bucket' this time, mister!" "Oh, no," said Finn, quite complacently, "I only turned a little *pale*."

☞ The man who was "moved to tears," complains of the dampness of the premises, and wishes to be moved back again.

THE STORY OF A MUTINY IN INDIA.

[The following vivid account of a former mutiny in India, throws considerable light on the causes of the present revolt in that country:—]

Years ago, a brigade of irregular cavalry lay at a station not very remote from Poona. It was composed of three regiments, in which Mahomedans and Hindoos were mingled, and was renowned for the very high state of its discipline. In the war that had not very long terminated, these troops had repeatedly distinguished themselves, and by acts of the utmost gallantry and heroism, had won the highest eulogies from the Commander-in-Chief and the rest of the army. The brigadier in command was a dare-devil old officer, named Daintry, a grim soldier, who loved a tussle, sword in hand, as dearly as Coeur de Lion himself, and who, with his long white moustachios and scarred face, looked superb when in the saddle. One of the best horsemen and hog-hunters in India, he performed such wonders with the boar-spear as are still spoken of in the hunting camp, and I have myself seen him overtake and transfix almost the whole of a sounder of wild pigs, that by some strange chance had galloped right through our cantonments. In the day of battle, the brigadier was as full of fire as his own mettled charger; his voice rang like a trumpet, and his troopers followed him with an unhesitating ardor that nothing could daunt.

But, peace came, and mischief came with it. Daintry's great misfortune simply was this:—he had been born five hundred years too late. As a feudal baron, unable to read, and unused to think, most likely spent a dull spell of rainy weather in yawning about his castle halls and kicking his unoffending vassals, so did Daintry fall foul of his vassals, as soon as there were no enemies to be pommelled. The brigadier had received an old-fashioned education—that is to say, he wrote badly, spelled worse, and, as a matter of choice, read not at all. Indeed, a bookish man was the brigadier's abhorrence. So, as he was an abstemious drinker, and could not always be hunting, he turned martinet and tyrant from sheer idleness.

He worked the brigade pitilessly. Morning, noon and eve there were inspections, foot and mounted drills, sword exercises, and so forth. By night, though the country was profoundly quiet, patrols were kept in motion, and the stony roads rang to the clattering hoofs of the cavalry.

Each regiment was perfect in its evolutions, but the men were kept day by day grinding at their manœuvres, as if they had been the most awkward squad of bumpkins alive. Then the uniforms were altered, the saddle-cloths meddled with, the soldiers kept hard at work sharpening swords and pointing spears. Once a week the sabres were inspected, and any blade not of razor keenness was snapped across the brigadier's knee. In short, he worried them as Paul worried his Russian guards.

Now, a soldier grows rusty in idleness, no doubt; but when he is harassed by causeless and perpetual toil, he is apt to become sulky. When the war ended, every rider of the brigade would have died in Daintry's defence.—A few months of annoyance changed this devotion into dislike, fast ripening into hatred. It was then that I was appointed to be Daintry's brigadier-major, to his great disgust, for he was not above the weakness of nepotism. Two of his regiments were commanded by his sons-in-law, both of whom were young for such a trust, and he had solicited my post for his wife's nephew, on the laudable principle of taking care of Dowb. However, rumors of the discontent among the men had reached head-quarters, and it was preferred to select a brigade major who might mediate between the brigade and its rash chief, and would not be a mere mouthpiece to the commandant.

I had been chosen, as being well acquainted with the language and the native habit of thought; and, found little difficulty in gaining the confidence of many of the soldiers and havildars. But, with the brigadier I had another sort of task. He disliked me, as having accepted the post his nephew had asked for, on which account he offered me a hundred petty slights, and even requested the mess to send me to "Coventry." Also, he quietly made up his mind to neglect every suggestion or remonstrance I could possibly make. For me to oppose an innovation was enough to confirm the brigadier in his decision. As the old officers dropped off or were got rid of, their places were filled by boys, who knew no more of Hindustani than of Swedish, and were utterly ignorant of Hindoo or Mussulman usages. And before long, Daintry announced the advent of a thorough and sweeping reform. The irregular troopers were to learn infantry drill, and to SHAVE OFF THEIR BEARDS.

When I heard this, I could not believe the commander to be serious. But he swore he would not rest until the chins of his grim Patans and Rajpoots were as destitute of beard or moustache as the palm of his hand.

The English youngsters who had just joined, applauded mightily. Fresh from Addiscombe or Rugby, they thought it would be "such a capital joke to shave the old bearded billy-goats." In vain I remonstrated, argued, and begged for delay. Daintry's headstrong nature would bear no check. He, long as he had been in India, had learned but one half of the native character. Many fall into the same error.—They see the submissive timidity, the ductile obedience, of the native; his deference to authority or assumption; his childish reverence for rank; and they think there are no limits to his endurance. Some day they are terribly undeceived. So it was in this case. The order was read out on parade; and even the instincts of discipline could not restrain a murmur that gradually swelled into a shout of indignation.—One regiment in especial, sent in a memorial, which I read with surprise, so just and temperate was its language:

"We are horsemen," said the soldiers, "and the sons of horsemen, and have shed our blood under your banners. If you are displeased with us, give us our discharge. We will go, blessing you for your bread and salt that we have eaten. But we were not hired for the drill of foot soldiers, and to that degradation we cannot submit."

Daintry swore like a Bedlamite. To crown all, he ordered the regiment to come on parade SHAVED. The regiment paraded, but not a man had complied. The brigadier selected two sergeants, both Mahometans, a Patan and a Belooch, and ordered his servants to hold them down on the ground while their beards were shaved off by a barber.

To realize the full effect of this most unwise order, one should remember that a Mahometan invests his beard with a species of sanctity, tends it with jealous care, values it above his life, swears by it his most solemn oaths, and resents an affront to it as the worst of insults. One should remember, also, that these men were all, Moslem and Hindoo, of good parentage, sons of landholders, Potails and Zemindars; military adventurers, in fact, who possess horses and weapons of their own, and by themselves and their officers are styled and considered gentlemen, being all of a class far superior to that which furnishes the sepoy.—The regiment looked on in sullen silence, and no immediate outbreak took place.

But, at dawn next morning, I was awakened by finding Daintry in full dress, spurred and booted, at my bedside.

"Up with you," said he, more good-humoredly than usual; "your horse is being saddled. You must ride with me, for there's a mutiny, by ——."

"I told you how it would turn out," said I, rubbing my eyes, and reluctantly rising. I was not five minutes dressing, and off we galloped, with a dozen troopers and armed peons at our heels. There, on a round hill, a red flag was flying, a flag of mutiny. A drum was beating, and already a crowd of disaffected soldiers had collected, and more were gathering by twos and threes.

The ringleaders, conspicuous among the others, were the two Mussulmans who had been so roughly used the day before. When we approached, a hundred carbines were pointed at us.

Daintry tried to address the mutineers. A yell drowned his voice. I made the next essay, and succeeded better.

"The brigadier may approach," called out the Patan ringleader, "but no armed man shall come near us, only the chief and his brigade-major."

And they presented their weapons at the sowars who pressed behind us. Daintry, who was as brave as a lion, bade his followers fall back, and advanced. I tried in vain to dissuade him, knowing how little fit he was to conciliate. But he persisted, and so in among them we went.

"You have won great honors by our valor," cried the irregulars to Daintry, "and you have oppressed us since the foe was conquered.—Now we will serve no more. We ask our discharge. Give it us."

A parley ensued. Daintry would yield nothing. The affair was hopeless. The brigadier retired, to give me a chance of persuasion.

"Now, sahibs and comrades," said I, "you know me, and I understand you. I cannot treat with armed mutineers, but go and pile your arms before my house, and I pledge you my honor as an English officer, you shall have your discharge."

After a long discussion, I won them over to this, and they were already moving from the hill top, when the brigadier returned. Briefly I explained the bargain, and asked him to ratify the compact, and end the affair.

Daintry electrified me by exclaiming in Hindustani:

"No! the others may have their discharge, but I'll punish the cursed ringleaders!"

In one moment, all my diplomacy was rent to pieces. Sabres, carbines, pistols, menaced us on all sides.

"Are the other regiments to be trusted?" asked I at last.

"Yes!" cried Daintry, suddenly, "ride and bring them up, and we'll pepper this swarthy scum."

He spoke in English, so was not understood. I started on my errand; but, by some strange infatuation, Daintry remained in the heart of the mob. Hard by, was a road, winding between two lofty banks. I was scarcely in it, when I met the leading files of a mounted column, commanded by one of Daintry's sons in-law. The colonel had turned his regiment out on hearing of the mutiny. I lifted my hand as a signal. The trumpeters raised their instruments, and sounded the call to trot. The blast was answered by a pistol-shot, a wild cry, and a random volley of carbines from the crowd of mutineers on the hill I had left. Wheeling, I rode back at full gallop, the regiment pelting at my heels. The mutineers fired again, but harmlessly, and then broke and ran. Many were cut down, speared, or trampled: others were driven into the jungles, where they perished miserably, between fevers and wild beasts. Few, probably, reached their homes again.

We found Daintry on the ground, still breathing, but in desperate case.

"Oh!" said the poor fellow, as I knelt by him, "I wish I had taken your advice; forgive me, my boy. They've murdered me."

When the trumpet sounded, the ringleader had clutched Daintry's bridle, and, as his horse reared, shot him with a pistol. While on the ground, he received sixteen ghastly sabre-cuts from blades of razor keenness; yet he lived thirty hours, to the wonder of every surgeon in the cantonments, though he never spoke after the first five minutes. The regiment was disbanded, its name was blotted out of the East India Company's books, and the matter was hushed up; a proceeding, as recent events show, about as sensible as screwing down a safety-valve to guard against explosions.

Surely we may make some use of the follies of the past, to serve as beacons for the future; and surely those have much to answer for, who are prevented by a foolish punctilio from exposing the true causes of the rottenness of the English civil and military system in India.

☞ One very cold night a gentleman was aroused from his slumber by a loud knocking at his door. After some hesitation, he went to the window and asked—"Who's there?" "Friend," was the answer. "What do you want?" "Want to stay here all night." "Stay there two nights, if you want," was the benevolent reply.

☞ It is a great and common sin through the Christian world to take up religion in a way of faction; and, instead of love and tender care for the universal church, to confine that love and respect to a party.—*Baxter.*

PLEASURES OF TROPICAL LIFE.

Let the reader imagine himself roused from a comfortable slumber and blissful dreams, in the middle of the night, by a cold shuddering sensation as if an icicle, large as his arm, and long as a walking-stick, had been suddenly thrust down into the bosom of his shirt next his bare skin; he leaps from the bed, and down falls, like a dead eel, a monstrous snake of the most deadly venom, who has quietly taken up his lodgings, not only in the bed, but actually within his shirt, without so much as saying, "by your leave."

Or only think of flinging yourself down in the cool inviting shade of an orange grove for an hour's nap, and after tossing uneasily about for thirty minutes, dreaming by snatches, perhaps, that you are shut up in a box along with four thousand full-grown lobsters, all with unplugged claws ready for war, you spring to your feet, and find the skin of your neck and face covered with little hard round protuberances like small peas, which you know to be the *bete rouge*; each one of which has driven his tiny screw, hard as tempered steel, deep into the skin; where, unless it is soon removed by the point of a friendly knife, it will lay the foundation of a loathsome ulcer. All your whole body, under your clothes, is swarming with ticks, worms, and bugs; your hair is alive with flies and insects, waging war upon each other for the sovereignty of the newly-discovered territory. On your cheek is fastened a great dusky vampire bat, with wings like Raphael's demons; at your nose hangs pendant a hideous-looking nondescript, armed with so many claws, pincers, horns and spears, that he seems a perfect amalgamation of the cricket, land-crab, locust and tarantula; two of his barbed spears he has fastened into your upper lip in order to steady himself, while he thrusts a long, slender feeler up your nostrils in search of a new route to your stomach. A dozen great overgrown black beetles are clinging to your fingers, and helping themselves to a "bite" at your expense; while a huge old scorpion, with a shell as hard as a land-tortoise, is thrashing about inside of your boot-leg, and stinging you a half dozen times in as many seconds.

Take all these horrors, and add as many more to them as you can conjure up, and you will have some faint idea of what you will be doomed to undergo during an out-door nap of a single half-hour in the tropics.

Nor is your in-door life exempt from the million plagues that infest these regions. Besides the slimy snakes that crawl into bed with you, lizards, vipers, asps, and giant old cockroaches that seem to have been growing since the flood, dart, flip, and skip about the room, and conceal themselves in every chink and cranny around the walls. Ticks swarm in such countless myriads that if they were once unanimous in their efforts, they might lug you off in spite of your utmost struggles. You sit down to dine, and in a moment your soup is black with flies—covered completely over from side to side, so compact that others pass across on their bodies, as one crosses the Douro from Villa Nova to Oporto, on the bridge of boats; and then after you have skimmed off the black mass, if you have still any appetite for the fly-seasoned soup, the moment you open your mouth to imbibe the first spoonful, in goes along with it a dozen of the greedy insects, lodging along the roof of your mouth, and on your palate, where they hang, struggling and kicking, till the next spoonful washes them down into your stomach. As Sydney Smith very justly remarks, "you eat flies, drink flies, and breathe flies."

After dinner the coffee is brought in, and you see a caterpillar with fifty eyes, five hundred legs, and hairy, porcupine-quills all along his back, floating in your cup, coiled up like a Christmas wreath. You open the sugar bowl, and the beautiful sugar is all astir with millions of small red ants, burrowing to its very lowest depths. A great flat bug, such as you have never seen before, with fifteen pair of legs and ten wings, has cast himself down into the soft butter, and spread himself all over the surface, as though he laid claim to the whole plate.

Queer-looking black things, half bugs and half worms—all head and no body—are industriously digging holes in the fresh loaf not an hour from the baker's; long-bodied gray flies are busily engaged founding a colony of their kind in the cheese, where they are depositing their eggs in clusters—in short, the whole insect world appear to have invited themselves to dine with you, and each particular one seems busy helping himself.

You wish to take a bath, and plunge into a pure crystal pool or a beautiful running stream; an amphibious thing, all head and horns, bursts up out of the sand at your feet, and rasps through between your bare legs, tearing off the skin, as if a mad cat had been dragged over you by the tail. The next moment a huge cayman, or a ravenous *jacare*, darts out from a tangled growth of submarine plants, and makes a dive at you with open jaws. You leap out of the water to escape the monster, and in an instant your naked body is covered with a cloud of venomous gnats that rise from the sand, biting as they light, and blistering as they bite: by the time you are dressed, you feel as if your whole body had been scourged with nettles.

Everything in the insect or reptile kingdom bites, stings, poisons, or wounds in some way; and all seem to be more inimical to man here than in any other portion of the habitable globe. —*Travels in South America.*

A NICE LOOPHOLE FOR CRIME.—In London recently, a man was arrested for stealing a watch from Baron Ernest de Gleichen. When the Gospels were tendered to the prosecutor for the purpose of being sworn, he declined to take the oath from conscientious scruples.

Mr. Beadon asked him what were his religious tenets.

The prosecutor said he was neither Protestant nor Roman Catholic.

Mr. Beadon—What is your religion?

Prosecutor—I am an Atheist—a perfect Atheist.

Mr. Beadon—Then there is an end of the case.

And the man with the Atheist's watch walked away.

☞ It is said that the early bird picks up the worm; but gentlemen who smoke and ladies who dance till three or four in the morning, will do well to consider that the worm also picks up the early bird.

STUDENT DUELLING IN GERMANY.

In the "good old days" when Heidelburg University nurtured chivalrous sentiments, as well as the arts and sciences, every student was obliged to join a club formed from his own countrymen. In this way national prejudices were strengthened, and private as well as public quarrels sprang up between the different "Landsmen," as easily as, in those times, the sword was wont to spring from its scabbard.

These clubs were supposed, in the time of Napoleon, to possess too much influence; and were consequently suppressed as "national," but allowed to continue as mere "college" cliques; and in the names "Swabian," "Prussian," &c., which are adopted by the present "corps" of the University, we find a reason for the origin of student duelling, which obtains to such an extent throughout Germany.

These clubs, composed of young men of all ranks and from all nations, without personal quarrels or national animosities, challenge one another to single combat merely for the honor of their "corps," or, as some say, to keep up that old spirit of "knighthood" which this more practical age is apt to despise.

At any rate the duels take place; dangerous and disfiguring wounds are given and received, and it is my purpose at this time merely to describe the process as it fell under my observation, on a pleasant afternoon of last week.—The "Swabians" in green caps, and the "Vandals" in red, were to test the prowess of their best swordsmen—and for this purpose repaired, in broad daylight, to the romantic valley of "Brunnenstube," which lies embosomed among hills, just across the Neckar, an hour's walk from Heidelburg. Passing the small inn called the "Hirschgasse," renowned as the place where duels in the olden time were fought, and where the knights of the land took the initiatory steps in their craft, the road winds along the side of the Heiligenberg, giving charming views of the old castle and the lovely environs of Heidelburg, till it reaches "Brunnenstube." Here the horses are left in charge of the servants; sentinels are stationed to guard against intrusions, and the students (some thirty were present) proceed to a level plat just under shelter of the woods, but near enough to the open valley for the sunlight to sparkle through the foliage.

A steep bank furnishes seats for the company; a couple of beer kegs are mysteriously furnished, and the preparations for the combat begin; the stout man in shirt-sleeves is pointed out as the doctor, and with his aid the champions are armed for the fight. This is quite a process in itself; first the upper clothing is removed, and a linen shirt substituted; a thick band is wound on the muscular parts of the sword arm; then covering after covering is added, till the arm which must do the cutting and thrusting is so heavy and unwieldy that a second person must hold it at right angles with the owner's body till the moment for action arrives; next, a quilted leathern apron is made to cover the stomach and thighs; and with a black silk stock of thick substance to protect the neck, the doughty knight steps forth, with head and left side wholly unguarded except by the good sword which is now given into his right hand. The second tries the sharp and glistening blade, and while the champions on either side pause to take a glass of beer, we will rapidly sketch their name and station.

The "Swabian" is reputed the best duellist in Heidelburg; his father is a good clergyman of a neighboring village, who, while he condemns the practice of duelling in toto, is nevertheless proud of his son's skill. The young man of four-and-twenty (old enough to know better, and young enough to regret the necessity of keeping up the credit of his corps by cutting huge gashes in his fellow student's face), steps boldly forth, a keen-eyed, well formed man.—The "Vandal" is the son of the Prussian Minister to the Court of Baden—a pale but resolute student, of slighter make than his antagonist, but full as cool in demeanor. The seconds have their right sides also protected by huge yellow aprons, and with blunt swords stand by to interfere when any false stroke is given, or expected. The "Swabian" second is a certain Count Von Hennin, and the "Vandal" second is a man in specs, (probably only a Baron.)

"Ready," cried the Count Von Hennin; "Now then!"—and at it they went; a very rapid and handsomely executed pass—and again they thrust and parried, till the word "Halt" put a momentary stop to the fight; a second meeting, and the Swabian (as I afterwards learnt, for it was not mentioned on the ground) received a slight cut on the forehead; the third encounter was a series of lightning strokes and rapid evolutions with the keen blades, and immediately after the word "Halt," I saw a stream of blood flowing down the face and over the shirt of the "Vandal." He was led away and the doctor called. The Swabian walked coolly away and began to dress. The Vandal had received a cut some six inches in length; beginning just below the temple it ran along the cheek towards the nose, and then turned upwards, making a slit wound, a very ghastly looking thing! He summoned all his pride, and bore the pain right manfully. They washed the wound, which bled profusely; he seemed faint, and sat down. The Swabians congratulated their champion, and said it was a capital stroke—a double action movement, which only a skillful hand could make.

No one seemed to feel that this was a foolish exhibition, although the poor fellow will be sick perhaps a month, and carry a hideous scar till the day of his death. After a moment's pause, the students turned from the wounded man to make preparations for a second duel. This was between unexperienced and younger members of the "corps," "Foxes," as they are termed. The combatants wore caps with visors, and exhibited little skill in the use of their weapons. One received a wound on the chin, and the other's ear was divided into a couple of parts by a bungling thrust of his adversary, but these awkward displays were only laughed at by the groups of students.

One young "Swabian" was present with a green shade tied over the place where one eye ought to have been, but it had been "put out" in a duel on this very spot. The penalty for fighting a duel is imprisonment, and this young man had just been pardoned by the Grand Duke, and yet here he was, looking on with his one eye, as if the fascination of the fighting ground was too great to be resisted.

The scene itself, in the wood, was at least an interesting one, if not in all respects agreeable—the groups of fine-looking students—the girded combatants—the wounded man near the "Vandal" beer keg—the duelling apparatus—the orderly deportment and earnest look of the young men—and over all the green foliage of the tall trees; it was quite the scene for an artist.

I had always supposed these duels mere boy's play, although in the streets of Heidelberg every fifth student that one meets, has a scar or an ugly wound on his face—but when the fact is known that such a wound as I saw given, if it had passed a half inch further to the left, would have destroyed the eye of the student, this sort of duelling seems very little like boy's play—boy's *mischief* would be the better word.

But further reflections will suggest themselves to any one who will think for a moment upon the effect which would be produced in an American college by the introduction of some such barbarous custom of the middle ages among the students.—*Correspondent of the Boston Transcript.*

NORWEGIAN CHURCH, AT BORGUND.

We step this week within the wierd circle of the Arctic lands, where the landscape and the life have the sombre purity, the quaintness and rudeness, the rigor and ruggedness and strength of the Scandinavian character, in which there is yet so much that is true and tender. Our picture represents an antique wooden church, at Borgund, in Norway—certainly a marked contrast to our own church architecture as seen either in the rural meeting-house or the city temple. Yet it will be noticed that this rude and grotesque edifice, with its pagoda of tiled roofs, its horns, and peaks, and crosses, its quaint windows and gabled door, has a certain harmony, with the stern, bleak hills, and sharp, dry firs that are the elements of the landscape.

JONES.

I.

We sit round the table and pour out the wine,
Transforming our crystals to rubies divine;
Then drain them, to Freedom, to Friendship, to Worth,
And think ourselves great as the Kings of the Earth;
When Jones, interrupting, says, "Drinking's a sin,
And headache and heartache are drawn from the bin"
Fill the goblet again, not with cheers, but with groans—
Get out of our sunshine, ridiculous Jones!*

II.

I read the sweet letter my love sent to me,
Inclosing a rose from a land o'er the sea;
I press to my fond lips a curl of her hair,
And own that she's loving and good as she's fair;
When Jones, interrupting, says, "Love's a mistake,
And women but play with men's hearts till they break."
I answer, "Why not? if they're bloodless as stones?
Get out of my sunshine, detestable Jones?"

III.

My heart glows with hope for the welfare of man;
I pray for my fellows, and help when I can;
I see through the distance of ages to be,
The many, grown wiser, made happy and free.
When Jones, interrupting, says, "Man is a knave;
And, if not a tyrant, a fool or a slave."
I answer, "There's kind human flesh on my bones—
Get out of my sunshine, cadaverous Jones!"

CHARLES MACKAY.

* Jones, we are sorry to say, seems to be in the right just here, and our genial singer wrong.

LORD BACON ON WARTS.—The following passage occurs in Bacon's "Natural History:"—

"The Taking away of Warts by Rubbing them with somewhat that afterwards is put to waste and consume in a Common Experiment; and I doe apprehend it the rather because of mine own Experience. I had, from my Childhood, a Wart upon one of my Fingers; afterwards, when I was about Sixteen years old, being then at Paris, there grew upon both my Hands a number of Warts, (at the least one hundred,) in a month's space. The English Embassadoure's Lady, who was a Woman farre from Superstition, told me one day, Shee would help mee away with my Warts; Whereupon shee got a Peece of Lard, with the Skin on; and rubbed the Warts all over, with the Fat Side: And amongst the rest that Wart, which I had from my Childhood; Then shee nailed the Peece of Lard, with the Fat towards the Sunne, upon a Poast of her Chamber Window, which was to the South. The Successe was, that within five weeks space, all the Warts went quite away: And that Wart which I had so long endured, for Company. But at the rest I did little marvell, because they came in a Short Time, and might goe away in a Short Time againe; But the going away of that, which had stayed so long, doth yet sticke me!"

☞ Four boxes govern the world—the cartridge box, the ballot box, the jury box, and the band box.

A HINDOO SUTTEE.

While the question of the cause of the mutiny in India is not yet settled, and it is thought that the interference of the British in Hindoo observances is at the bottom of it, the following account will be read with interest:

Lieutenant Earle and Munshi Lutfullah were informed that a suttee was to be performed at the village of Maholi, near the river side. We give the account in the Munshi's own words:—The news startled my young friend as well as myself. We could not believe that such an outrage could be committed with impunity whilst a British resident remained near the capital. When we descried the ominous procession, attended with native music, passing from the town, along the high road close to the resident's gate, we rode to the place of execution. Another scholar of mine, by name Dr. M. F. Kay, having heard of the sad news, presented himself on the spot immediately after us. After waiting about a quarter of an hour under an umbragoous pipal tree on the bank of the river, the procession arrived, and the Brahmin carriers placed the bier at the brink of the water, so as to keep the feet of the corpse washed by that element. The face and hands of the dead being exposed to view, we found the deceased to have been a strong, well made Brahmin, about forty years of age. Having examined the dead man, we proceeded to the young lady, who seated herself under another pipal tree, at a little distance, within sight of the corpse, ready to immolate herself on the pile under preparation near the dead body.—She was surrounded by her relatives, to these she kept talking, foretelling many things, on being interrogated. She was handsome, about fifteen years of age, and her charming countenance showed no marks of fear or anguish.

Lieutenant Earle being an excellent Marathi scholar, finding an opportunity, entered into conversation with her, and delivered a very eloquent speech, dissuading her most earnestly from this horrid suicide, which he said he viewed in the light of a wilful murder committed by the Brahmins, whose evil advice, contrary to the pure Hindoo law, enticed her to a death of torture in both worlds. To this her reply was but a short one.

"You may say what you please, but I will go with my lord. It was written in the book of my fate to be his wife, so I must be his wife only, to the full extent of the meaning, and that of nobody else. I loved him only, and can never love any one else with that primary sincerity, so I must be his true companion wherever he goes. Take you no more trouble, sir, about the matter. Peace be with you."

Lieut. Earle now, at the suggestion of Dr. Kay and myself, begged her to listen to him for another moment, so she turned to him, and he further observed as follows:

"My good lady, pray consider over the act once more, act not against your reason; you must be sure that we are your friends, and not your enemies, that we would save you from the horrid death, by all means, at a slight signal of your consent, and would make an honorable provision for you during your life." And he added—"You should try the experiment of burning your little finger before committing your whole precious body to the flames."

But, alas! her fanaticism had advanced too far beyond the reach of this and such wholesome advice; and, with a scornful smile, she told Mr. Earle that she was highly obliged to him for his kindness, of which she did not stand in need; that her word was one and unalterable. She then, boldly tearing up a slip of her handkerchief, dipped it into the oil of the burning lamp (usually placed before satis, whether day or night), and, tying it round her little finger, she lighted it up with eagerness. It burnt on like a candle for a little while, and then diffused the smell of burning flesh, during which the young beauty talked on to the audience, without a sigh or sob to indicate the pain; yet the marks of the blood's rush to the face, attended with a profuse perspiration on her brow, betrayed her feeling to our unbiassed mind.

The fit of this enthusiastic frenzy is aided and maintained, I believe, by the effect of some narcotics, particularly of camphor, a large quantity of which is administered by the hard-hearted Brahmins to the poor victims, which is swallowed up by them immediately after they have uttered their intention of self-destruction in the sudden impulse of grief at their bereavement. The effect soon spreads over the nervous system, stupefaction ensues, and the whole body is benumbed before it goes to the fire to be consumed. The pile now being ready, the corpse was washed and laid inside, and about half a pound of camphor in a bundle tied round the neck of the damsel; she got up with her usual alacrity, invoking her gods, and rushed to the fatal spot in the same way as a moth to the flame. She then walked round the pile seven times, and having entered it, she placed the head of her dear husband on her lap, and herself holding a burning wick between the big and second toes of her left foot, she then set fire to combustibles which were interwoven with the logs of firewood. Upon her entering, the Brahmins began to stop the entrance with heavy pieces of timber, when Dr. Kay, being much excited at the scene, could not keep silence any more. Though he knew very little or nothing of the language, he called out with as much fierceness as he could command—

"You scoundrels, this is not fair; darwaza mat kholo;" that is to say, "do not open the door," of course meaning the reverse.

Such erroneous expressions of the good doctor, even at this tragical moment, produced a smile from most of the bystanders. Immediately the poor woman set fire to the pile, the Brahmins and others surrounding it, began shouting out the name of their god, Rama, and ordered the kettle drums, flageolets, and cymbals that accompanied the procession to be beaten and played, and rent the air with their cries, in order that no cry of distress might be heard from the victim; and as soon as the flames issued from all sides, they cut the ropes of the four corners of the platform of the pile with their hatchets, so the enormous weight of the firewood, falling at once upon the delicate girl, crushed her in a moment.

VERY LIKE A WHALE.—At sunset we left the lake, and climbed a long, wooded mountain, to a height of more than two thousand feet. It was a weary pull until we reached the summit; but we rolled swiftly down to the other side to the inn of Toturud, our destination, which we reached about ten P. M. It was quite light enough to read, yet everybody was in bed, and the place seemed deserted, until we remembered what latitude we were in. Finally the landlord appeared, followed by a girl, whom, on account of her size and blubber, Braisted compared to a cow-whale. She had been turned out of her bed to make room for us, and we *two instantly rolled into the warm hollow she had left*—my Nilotic friend occupying a separate bed, in another corner. In the morning, I was aroused by Braisted exclaiming, "There she blows!" and the whale came up to the surface with a huge pot of coffee, some sugar candy, excellent cream, and musty biscuit.—*Bayard Taylor in Norway.*

LIFE.

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk—doth make man better be,
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, all bald and sear.
A lily of a day,
Is fairer far, in May,
Although it fall and die that night;
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures, life may perfect be.

A FLASH OF TRAGEDY.—The city of Tunis was recently the scene of great excitement. An Arab, bearing a large bag, appeared at the gates of the palace, and demanded audience of the Bey. He was refused, and finally driven away, but returned again, and urged his claim with such pertinacity that he was finally granted an audience. Throwing the bag at the feet of the Bey, he said, "I bring you here the head of my wife, and the head of her lover. I detected them in crime. I come to meet your judgment." The Bey stroked his beard, looked wise, and said, "Leave in peace, and go thy way and bury these two heads. Allah is Great!"

TOO LATE.

"Douglas, Douglas, tender and true."
—*Old Ballad.*

Could ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
In the old likeness that I knew,
I'd be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true!

Never a scornful word should pain you;
I'd smile as sweet as the angels do;
Sweet as your smile on me shone ever,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true!

Oh, to call back the days that are not!—
My eyes were blinded, your words were few;
Do you know the truth now up in Heaven,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true?

I was not half worthy of you, Douglas,
Not half worthy the like of you!
Now all men beside are to me like shadows,
I love you, Douglas, tender and true!

Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas, Douglas,
Drop forgiveness from Heaven like dew;
As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true!

A RICH PIECE OF COMPOSITION.

The editor of the *Knickerbocker* has received the following letter from an old negro of Louisville, Ky., known as "Uncle Charley,"—a servant in the Louisville Hotel, who has great command over a nonsense regiment of sesquipedalian and interminable words. Here is the letter:—

"My respects and compliments to both Madame and Mr. C———. Having the pleasure of a chance to write you a few lines, which makes me enjoy the most systematical happiness as any circumstance you ever accumulated.

"I have been in a state of dilapidation for some days, from the result of rheumatia. I had the pleasure of meeting with Dr. B———, and addressed my distresses to him; he proscribed for my beneficial expiration, and the remedy was sixty-five drops of neutralized spirits, contaminated through the inoculation of a very little water, a small donation of mint put upon the top of it, with a billet of ice upon the top of that, renovated with a very little nutmeg; teaspoon set in the tumbler, stir it well, and take it personally. We then find the pressure of the atmosphere evaporates, after which we enjoy systematical health.

"I hope to hear from you soon, and hope you are all enjoying the best of health. In all my dilapidated distresses, prayer is the only source to which I could resort for relevation. Notwithstanding you are far off, I hope the policitations of our prayers will unite.

"A few days hence I was called upon at the Court House to renew the redition of my emancipation. I saw the power of superstition was so predominating, that I went to congratulate the aid of this colony to see whether or not we could rebat the redition of superstition. I thought all was accomplished; when coming out of the back-door I saw the most spontaneous vigor of superstition that I ever recognized; I evaporated with great humility and distression, but the smiles of Providence was all the consolation at last.

"Your spontaneously humble serv't,
"CHARLES M———.

"*Louisville, Feb.* 16, 1857."

This needs matching with a bit of verse from another source (the composition, we believe, of one of the Smiths, who wrote "Rejected Addresses,") which actually appears, at first sight, to have a bit of sense in it, as it certainly has a sentiment:

How evanescent and marine
Are thy chaotic uplands seen,
Oh, ever sublapearian moon;
A thousand viaducts of light
Were not so spherically bright
Or ventilated half so soon.

Methought I stood upon a cone
Of solid, allopathic stone,
And gazed athwart the breezy skies.
When lo! from yonder planisphere,
A vapid, atrabilious tear
Was shed by pantomimic eyes.

"Adieu, Miasma," cried a voice
In which Aleppo might rejoice,
So perfocal were its tones;
"Adieu, Miasma, think of me
Beyond the antimonian sea,
Which covers my pellucid bones!"

Again, again my bark is tost
Upon the raging holocaust
Of that acidulated sea;
And diapasons, pouring down,
With lunar caustic join, to drown
My transcendental epopee.

HOW TO MAKE AN INDIAN PICKLE.—Entrust the selection of materials and the whole management of affairs to a commercial company, like (for instance) the East India Company.—Allow them to make use of as much corruption as they please. Throw in various green things, such as incompetent judges, cruel tax-gatherers, and overbearing military officers. Stir up the above with a large Spoon of the Ellenborough pattern. Mix the above with native superstitions, and by no means spare the official sauce. Allow the above quietly to ferment for several years, without taking any notice of how matters are going on. When you come to look into the state of things, you will find that you have as fine an Indian Pickle as you could wish. You need not trouble yourself about the jars, for they will be supplied to you afterwards, gratis. For further particulars, inquire of the great Indian Pickle Warehouse, in Leadenhall Street.*

N. B. No Pickle is genuine, unless there is the mark of "John Company" plainly visible on the face of it.—*Punch.*

* [The office of the East India Company is in Leadenhall Street, London.]

A CURIOUS DIET FOR ELDERLY GENTLEMEN.—The first time I caught sight of milk in a Chinese street, it was in the hands of a female, carrying a cup of what I thought to be the genuine unchalked article. "Excuse me, but what is that?" said I. "It is milk," she replied. "What milk—cow's or goat's?"—"Woman's milk, sir." "Woman's milk!—for what use?" "It has been bought for an aged neighbor." "And what's the price of that cupful?" "About eighty cash." Subsequently I discovered that it was not unusual for nursing women to sell their own milk for motherless babes or octogenarians in second babyhood, the nurses drawing their own milk to vend it at 2d. or 3d. a cup.—*Milne's Life in China.*

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

The majority of the new bonnets of the season are composed of materials similar to those employed for the same purpose throughout the whole of the summer. They present little or no novelty beyond what is attainable by varying the arrangement of the trimming. Among the bonnets just completed, there is one composed of white tulle, covered with rows of Maltese lace. The trimming on the outside consists of black and white ruches of tulle, and scarlet flowers with black foliage. The under-trimming is formed of scarlet flowers, black foliage, and white and black blonde intermingled. A bonnet of white and black crinoline is trimmed with violets and violet-color ribbon. One or two Leghorn bonnets, destined to be worn at the sea-side, are trimmed with sprays and wreaths of laurel blossom, either white or pink. Some bonnet of plain white straw, intended for the country, have been trimmed with small wreaths or bouquets of verbena, heliotrope, ivy, and rhododendron. One is ornamented with a wreath of violets, and the same flowers are intermingled with the under-trimming. At the edge of the brim is a row of black lace. Bonnets of gray straw are very prettily trimmed with blue or red corn-flowers. They are edged with black lace, and with the inside trimming are intermingled loops and ends of narrow velvet, or ribbon corresponding in color with the flowers on the outside. The strings consist of broad ribbon covered with black lace. Several Parisian ladies now sojourning at the French watering places are adopting bonnets of white muslin, and of white and colored tulle, tarlatane, and crape lisse.

The new dresses completed within the last few days are very prettily trimmed. We may here mention some of those which present the greatest novelty. A dress of mallow-color grenadine has five flounces, edged with a small ruche of ribbon of the same tint, the ribbon being bordered with black lace edging. The dresses of printed muslin recently made up include one figured with a flower pattern in blue on a white ground. This dress has two skirts. The lower one is simply finished at the edge by a hem. The upper one is edged with a bouillonne of muslin and a frill of Mechlin lace. Over the corsage there is a fichu bouillonne trimmed with Mechlin lace. A dress of white and pink printed muslin, made with a double skirt, has the upper one trimmed with a flounce of Mechlin lace, surmounted by a quilling of pink ribbon. The corsage is high and full, and the sleeves are trimmed with frills edged with lace. A *ceinture* of ribbon, with long flowing ends, is worn with this dress.

Some of our leading dressmakers are ornamenting dresses with side trimmings, formed of bows of ribbon. Three large bows, with flowing ends, are placed one above the other up each side of the dress. This style of trimming is novel and effective.

Among the new morning dresses of a superior style just completed, some are made in the *peignoir* style. One of these is composed of spotted muslin lined with lilac silk, and trimmed with Valenciennes. Another consists of worked muslin lined with pink silk, and trimmed with guipure.—*London Lady's Paper, Aug. 15th.*

THE CHINESE PUZZLE BALLS.—What shall we say of the *carved, concentric ivory balls* of the Chinese—ten, twelve, or more, cut out one within the other? It has long puzzled people how so intricate a piece of workmanship is fabricated. It has been conjectured that originally they are balls cut into halves, so strongly and nicely gummed or cemented together that it is impossible to detect the junction. And I have seen it deliberately stated, that attempts have been made by some to dissolve the union by soaking and boiling a concentric ball in oil—course to no purpose. The plain solution, obtained by myself from more than one native artist, is the following: A piece of ivory made perfectly round, has several conical holes worked into it, so that their several apices meet at the centre of the globular mass. The workman then commences to detach the innermost sphere of all. This is done by inserting a tool into each hole, with a point bent and very sharp. That instrument is so arranged as to cut away or scrape the ivory through each hole, at equal distances from the surface. The implement works away at the bottom of each conical hole successively, until the incisions meet. In this way the innermost ball is separated; and to smooth, carve and ornament it, its various faces are, one after the other brought opposite one of the largest holes. The other balls, larger as they near the outer surface, are each cut, wrought and polished precisely in the same manner. The outermost ball of course is done last of all. As for the utensils in this operation, the size of the shaft of the tool, as well as of the bend at its pein depends on the depth of each successive ball from the surface. Such is their mode of carving one of the most delicate and labyrinthic specimens of workmanship to be found in China or elsewhere. These 'wheels within wheels' are intended chiefly for sale to foreigners; and numerous specimens annually are sent to England and America."—*Milne's Life in China.*

INFANTICIDE IN CHINA.—Mr. Milne's defence of the Chinese against the general imputation of infanticide appears to us conclusive. Sir J Bowring has fallen into a grave error on this head. He says:—

"In many parts of China there are towers of brick or stone, where toothless, principally female children are thrown by their parents into a hole made in the side of the wall."

This has been quoted by high authority, as the most unjust inferences have been deduced respecting Chinese character. But Mr. Milne informed himself on the spot as to the true nature of these buildings, and found they were erected "to provide poor parents with convenient places in which to bury, out of sight, infants that have died at birth or from disease. This he confirms by the fact, that numerous foundling hospitals exist in the vicinity, which he has himself visited, and where he found such care and good management as might be expected in more civilized countries. There are two penal edicts against infanticide, and the general tenderness shown by the Chinese towards their offspring renders the charge of wholesale infanticide against them as absurd as it is unfounded.—*London Athenæum.*

IN THE WOODS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ALBERT SUTLIFFE.

Let us away in the summer time!
Let us away to the ancient woods!
There the oak trees brood sublime,
Over the shrinking floods.

There the mosses are moist and cool;
There the shades are dreamy and deep;
And the tangly vines above the pool
Hang in a gentle sleep.

There the breeze, the balmy breeze,
Runs in the shadow up and down;
The murmur, smothered by the trees,
Dies half way from the town.

There is the quiet, centuries old,
Only broken by bee and bird,
And the wind, with its voices manifold,
Such as a thousand ages have heard.

What will you bring along with you?
Wordsworth? Wordsworth? that is well!
What stains the leaf here? is it dew?
He was a wonder in wood and dell.

Shelley? ah, you know my mind;
But do you think we shall go so deep?
Tennyson's music? we shall find
Bass to his treble will make you weep.

Keats? oh, yes, with his Arcady;
Sensuous, sensual; as you please
What gods and temples and nymphs to see,
Lying in shadow at your ease!

Coleridge? yes! no? 'tis as well!
He is great on moonlit eves;
We will read his Christabel
When the moon peeps through the leaves.

Here we are in the wood, *ma belle*,
Over shoe in the yielding moss;
Are not these flowers asphodel?
This brook Idalian? leap across!

What if the nymphs have left the glooms!
Naiads plashing the ancient brooks!
Dryads glimmering 'mid the tombs,
On the pages of books!

Half asleep we shall see them all;
See them all in our leafy dream;
Naiads, pausing within our call,
Dripping with pearls of the stream.

Up the vistas shrouded with vines,
Through the laurelled and long arcades,
Pillared and cornered, the glorious shrines
Lighten the holy shades.

Where that bridle-path away,
Into the wildwood seems to turn,
There is Numa, the old man gray;
That is Egeria with her urn.

There is a fountain of antique stone,
Fit for a garden of regnant Rome—
With couchant lions; a lonely swan
Is fluttering in the foam.

What is that gleam like a jewelled crown?
Cydnus, over a bit of lea;
And the queenly Afric sweeping down,
Down and away to see.

These are bacchantes under the trees,
Filled to the brim with mirth and wine;
Pards, and thyrsi, and life to the lees;
Golden goblet, and juice of the vine.

And where the shadow deepest lies,
Those are fawns, now what do you think!
And fool Silenus, with star-like eyes,
Stooping again to drink.

And here are the fairies of England's prime,
Dancing the green ward into rings;
Who would have thought at such a time
We should see such things.

Flitting around and athwart in view,
Measuring out the summer day,
Here as I sit and sing to you,
The measures of this lay.

LIFE FROM MY WINDOW.

A LOVE STORY.

I am a very quiet man, fond of idle dreaming, fond of speculative studies, fond of a great many things that rarely make headway in this practical world, but which fitly furnish forth a life that has been almost blank of incident—a life that parted with hope early—that may, in fact, be said to have lost the better part of its vitality when Nelly died.

Nelly was not my wife, but she would have been if she had lived. I can speak of her calmly now, but time was when my very soul sickened for sorrow at her loss; when I would have rushed with eagerness to the grave as a door through which I must pass to behold her dear face again. Sometimes a spasm of anguish thrills me even yet, when I recall her image, as she was when she left me, nearly forty years ago; most winning fair, most beautiful, that image seems, glowing with innocent youth, palpitating with tenderness and joy. Then I ask myself will she know me? will she love me?—me, worn old and gray—in that other world, where we two shall surely meet? Will the bright spirit-girl recognize the love of her earthly youth in the man of full three-score years and ten? Will her countenance—will mine—be changed and glorified? The angels cannot be purer than Nelly was: purer or lovelier. I cannot help thinking of this reunion. I cannot help speculating whether she is waiting for me to come to her as impatiently as I am waiting to depart. In the dead of the night I have awakened with a low trembling at my heart, and have been conscious of a strange presence in the room, which faded out of it as I listened breathless for some voice to speak to me—Nelly's voice to cheer me—when sound there was none.

When Nelly died, I was a young man. I had hopes, prospects, interests, even ambitions in life. But, after that, worldly matters became irksome to me. Friends and acquaintances looked shyly on one who had not elasticity enough to rise up under the weight of a crushing sorrow; they turned their backs on me; I turned my back on them. Henceforth our ways lay wide apart: theirs, in among the struggle, the toil, the great weariness of life; mine, by the quiet waters that flow down peacefully to death. The love of seclusion has grown upon me as moss grows upon a rooted stone; I could not wrench myself away from it, even if I would. Of worldly pelf I have little, but that little suffices me; and, although my existence seems selfish—nay, is so—I lack not interest in my kind. I catch hold of a slight thread of reality, and weave it into a tissue of romance. The facts that I cannot know, imagination supplies me with; and my own temperament, still and melancholy, suffuses the story with a tender twilight hue, which is not great anguish, but which takes no tint of joy.

My abode is in one of the retired streets of London. I know not where a man can be so utterly alone as in this great Babylon. My favorite room has a bay window overhanging the pavement, and in its cornices, its door-frames, and its lofty carved mantel-shelf, testifies to better days than it is ever likely to see again. The rents in this quarter are low; and though, at certain long intervals, the street is as forsaken and silent as Tadmor in the wilderness, still, the surging rush, the rattle, the hum of the vast city, echo through my solitude from dawn till dark. I love that echo in my heart. It is company. If I had been a happy, I should have been a busy man—a worker instead of a dreamer. That little is—that great, impassable gulf—between the Actual and the Possible!

I do not begin and end my romances in a day, in a week, in a month, or even in a year, as story-tellers do. The threads run on and on: sometimes smoothly, sometimes in hopeless entanglement. The merest trifle may suggest them; now, it is the stealthy, startled looking back of a man over his shoulder, as he hurries down the street, as if Fate with her sleuth-hounds, Vengeance and Justice, were following close upon his traces; now, the downcast gray head of a loiterer, hands in pockets, chin on breast, drivelling aimlessly nowhere; again, it is the pitiful face of a little child, clad in mourning; or, it is the worn figure of a woman in shabby garments, young toilsome, hopeless; or, it is the same figure flaunting in silks and laces, but a hundredfold more toilsome, more hopeless. Occasionally I take hold of a golden thread that runs from a good and happy life. Such a thread I caught three years ago, and the tissue into which I wrought it is completed at last. This is it:—

I have mentioned my bay window overhanging the street; in this window is a luxuriously cushioned old-fashioned red settee. By this settee, a solid-limbed table, on which my landlady every morning lays my breakfast, and the newly-come-in newspaper. It was while leisurely enjoying my coffee and unconsciously watching the tremulous motion of the acacias which overtop the low garden wall of a house a little higher up in the street, that I first laid my hand upon the gleaming thread which shines athwart this grey cobweb romance—cobweb, I say, because so slight is it, so altogether fancy-spun, that perhaps the knowledge of one actual fact of the case would sweep it down as ruthlessly and entirely as a housemaid's brush destroys the diligent labors of the spider.

Perhaps it was the quivering green of the light acacia leaves, with the sunshine flitting through and lying upon the pavement like a network of gold, that began my romance.

Every Thursday and every Saturday morning, for some months, I had seen a girl come round the street corner, without much observing her. I could have certified that she was tall and lissome in figure, and that she was scrupulously neat in her dress, but nothing further. That morning to which I refer in particular was early in June. The sun was shining in our quiet street; the birds were singing blithely in that overgrown London garden beyond the wall; the acacias were shivering and showering the broken beams upon the white stones as cheerily, as gaily, as if the roar of the vast city were a hundred miles away, instead of floating down on every breeze, filling every ear, chiming in like a softened bass to the whisper of the leaves and twitter of the birds. My window was open and I was gazing dreamily on the branches above the wall, when a figure stopped beneath it and looked up; it was the young girl who passed every Thursday and Saturday morning. I observed her more closely than I had yet done, and saw that she was good and intelligent in face—pretty, even, for she had a clear, steadfast brow, fine eyes, and a fresh complexion. As she stood for a minute gazing up into the trees there was a curious, wistful, far-away look upon her countenance, which brightened into a smile as she came on more quickly for having lost a minute watching the acacia leaves. She carried in her hand a roll covered with dark-red morocco, and walked with a decisive step—light yet regular—as if her foot kept time to a march ringing in her memory. "She is a music-teacher, going to one of her pupils," I said to myself; and, when she was gone by, I fell into my mood, and sought an interpretation of that thoughtful upcast look I had seen upon her face under the trees.

"She was born in the country," I made out, "in some soft, balmy, sheltered spot, where all was pretty in the summer weather. There were acacias there, and these reminded her of them. Perhaps some one she knew and dearly loved had loved those trees, and she saw in the rippling shadows a long train of reminiscences that I could not see—things past because her expression was tender, yet things not sad altogether, because a smile succeeded the little wistful look."

After that Thursday morning I watched for her coming twice in the week, each time with increased interest. I always give my dream-folk names, such as their appearance and general air suggest. I gave her the name of Georgie. She seemed to have a certain stability and independence of character which spring out of an early—possibly an enforced—habit of self-reliance. This I deduced from externals, such as that though her dress was always neat and appropriate, it was never fashionable. She looked what women among themselves call nice. I should say her tastes were nice in the more correct acceptance of the word, and by no means capricious. She wore usually a gray shade of some soft material for her dress; and, that summer, she wore a plain silky white shawl, which clung to her figure, a straw bonnet with white ribbon, and a kerchief of bright rose or blue. Her shoes and her gloves were dainty; and, from the habitual pleasantness of her countenance, I knew that if she were, as my familiar suggested, music and singing-mistress, the times went well with her. She had plenty to do, and was well paid.

Her coming was as good as a happy thought to me. Her punctuality was extraordinary. I could have set my watch by her movements those two mornings in each week. I watched for her as regularly as I watched for my breakfast, and should have missed her much more. By whatever way she returned home, it was not by my street. For two full months she came round the corner at ten minutes before nine, and, glancing up at the garden-trees, passed down the opposite side of the pavement, and out of sight. All this time I could not add another chapter to my romance. She had ever the same cheerful brow, and quiet, placid, undisturbed mouth; the same dauntless, straight-looking, well opened eyes; the same even, girlish step, as regular and calm as the beat of her own young heart. I could but work out the details of the country home where the rose on her cheek bloomed, and where the erect lithe shape developed; where the honest disposition grew into strength and principle, and where loving training had encouraged and ripened the kindly spirit that looked out at her eyes. Two or three little traits that showed her goodness, I did observe. Never a beggar asked of her in the street whom she did not either relieve or speak to with infinite goodness. I have seen her stop to comfort a crying child, and look after a half starved, masterless dog picking about the kennel for a bone, with a look on her face that reminded me of my lost one—so tender, so compassionate, so true, pure womanly.

One evening at the commencement of August—it was about half past six, and all the sun was out of our street—I saw Georgie, as I called her in my own mind, come down the pavement, still carrying the music roll; but not alone. There was with her a young man. He might be a clerk, or a doctor, or a lawyer, or any other profession almost, from his appearance; I could not tell what. He was tall, and certainly well-looking; but his face was rather feeble, and its complexion too delicate for a man. Georgie seemed his superior, in mind even more than in person. There was a suggestive slouch in his gait, a trail of the foot, that I did not like. He carried his head down, and walked slowly; but that might be from ill health, or that he wanted to keep Georgie's company longer, or a thousand things rather than the weakness of character with which, from the first glance, I felt disposed to charge him. He was perhaps Georgie's brother, I said at first; afterwards I felt sure he was her lover, and that she loved him.

Three weeks passed. Georgie's morning transits continued as regularly as the clock-stroke; but I had not seen her any more in the evenings, when I became aware that I had the young man, her companion for an opposite neighbor. From the time of his daily exits and returns, I made out that he must be employed as clerk somewhere. He used to watch at the window for Georgie; and, as soon as he saw her turn the corner, he would rush out. They always met with a smile and a hand-shake, and walked away together. In about a quarter of an hour he came back alone, and left the house again at ten. This continued until the chilly autumn days set in, and there was always a whirl of the acacia leaves on the pavement under the wall. Georgie did not often look up in passing them now. Perhaps she was thinking of the meeting close at hand.

The young clerk I called Arthur. Now that I had him as a daily subject of study, I began to approve of him more. I do not imagine that he was a man of any great energy of character; and even, what little he might have possessed, originally, must have been sapped by ill health long since; but there was a certain intellectual expression on his pale, large brow that overbalanced the feebleness of the lower part of his face. I could fancy Georgie, in her womanly faith and love, idealizing him until his face was that of an angel to her—mild as St. John's, and as beautiful. Indolent and weak, myself, what I approve in strength of will, power to turn and bend circumstances to our profit; in Arthur, I detected only a gentle goodness; therefore he did not satisfy me for Georgie who, I said to myself, could live a great, a noble life, and bear as well the strivings of adversity as she now bore the sunshine of young happiness. If I could have chosen Georgie's lover he should have been a hero; but truth placed him before my eyes too gravely for misconception.

The winter was very harsh, very cold, very bitter indeed; but all the long months I never missed the bi-weekly transits of that brave-eyed girl. She had a thick and coarse maud of shepherd's plaid, and a dark dress now; but that was the only change. She seemed healthy-proof against the cruel blasts that appeared almost to kill poor Arthur. He was always enveloped in coat upon coat; and, round his throat, he wore a comforter of scarlet and white wool, rather gaudy and rather uncommon; but I did not wonder why he was so constant to its use, when I remembered that it was a bit of woman's work, and that Georgie's fingers had knitted it, most probably.

Ill or well, the winter got over, and the more trying east-winds of spring began. Arthur did not often issue forth to meet Georgie then, and I believe he had been obliged to give up his situation; for, I used to see him at all times of the day in the parlor of the opposite house; occasionally, when the sun was out, he would come and saunter wearily up and down the flags for half an hour, and then drag himself in-doors again. He sometimes had a companion in these walks, on whose stalwart arm he leaned—a good friend, he seemed to be.

"Ah! if Georgie had only loved *him*!" I thought, foolishly.

He was older than Arthur, and totally different: a tall, strong young fellow with a bronzed face, a brisk blue eye, and a great brown beard. The other looked boyish and simple beside him; especially now that he was so ill. The two seemed to have a great affection for each other. Perhaps they had been school-fellows and playmates; but, at any rate, there was a strong bond between them, and Georgie must have known it.

I remember one warm afternoon, at the beginning of June, I saw Arthur and Robert (that was my gift-name to the brown stranger) come out and begin walking and talking together up and down the pavement. They were going from the corner when Georgie, quite at an unusual hour, came hurrying round it. She had in her hand one of those unwieldy bunches of moss-roses with stalks a foot long, which you can buy in London streets for sixpence, and she was busy trimming them into shape and order as she advanced. She reached the door of Arthur's lodgings before they turned; and, just as she got to the step and seemed about to ring, she descried them in the distance. Spy that I was, I detected the blush that fired her face, and the quick smile of pleasure with which she went to meet them as they returned. Arthur took the flowers listlessly. I could see that he was getting beyond any strong feelings of pleasure or pain, through sheer debility. In fact, he was melting away in the flame of consumption as rapidly—to use a homely saying—as a candle lighted at both ends. I wondered, more than once, whether Georgie was blind to his state; for she still seemed as cheerful as ever, and still wore that calm, good expression which I have mentioned before as characteristic of her. I believe she was quite in the dark, or else so full of hope that she could not and would not admit a sad presentiment. Arthur stood silent and tired, while Robert and she spoke to each other; and after a minute or two, he grew impatient and would go in-doors. I thought Georgie looked chagrined as the door shut, and she was left outside. I could not quite interpret that bit. She remained hesitating a second or two, and then started very quickly—as if she had forgotten something,—back in the direction from which she had come.

Sometimes in my romances I should like to alter the few certainties that impose themselves as checks on my fancy. I would fain alter here, for instance, and make out that Robert fell instantaneously in love with Georgie, and that poor Arthur was only a cousin for whom she had a quiet, sisterly affection, and nothing more—but I cannot. They were surely lovers, whose hearts were each bound up in the other, and there was a parting preparing for them, such as had severed my darling and me.

The Thursday after the little incident of the moss-roses, I missed Georgie for the first time. Could she have passed by earlier, I asked myself? I was certainly late for breakfast. On the following Saturday it was the same. "She has given up her pupil in this direction, or she is ill," I said; but the next week I watched, with an anxiety that quickened every pulse, for her coming. I took up my post on the settee early, and kept my eye on the corner; but never saw her. On the succeeding Saturday I almost gave up my hope; for she was still absent, and I lost many an hour in devising explanations why. But the following Thursday my romance was continued. When I went into my sitting-room and threw up the window, I saw the thin, pale hand of my opposite neighbor, holding back the curtain of the window, as he lay on his bed—and presently Georgie went by on my side, that his eyes might, for a moment, be cheered as he saw her pass. After that, I often saw the wan face of Arthur at the glass, and sometimes Robert's healthy brown visage beside. One afternoon, Georgie came, as it were, stealthily to the door and rang the bell. She had a little basket, and some flowers, which she gave to the woman of the house, with whom she spoke for a while, and then she went away very grave, downcast, sad. I was sure that she knew at last.

Every day now, two incidents recurred regularly. One, was the arrival of the doctor in his green chariot; the other, the arrival of Georgie with her little basket and her nosegay of flowers. She always went in-doors and stayed—sometimes only a few minutes, sometimes an hour or more. At this time my romance got a new light, or rather a new shadow. I began to think that Arthur was all Georgie had in the world; for nobody ever came with her; nobody ever spoke to her, but the woman of the house, and Robert.

Occasionally Robert would come out with her on the door step, and they would converse together for a little while. It was about Arthur, I know, from their serious looks and glances up to the room where he lay. I cannot tell how much I felt for Georgie, in the loneliness by which my imagination surrounded her. I began to see in Arthur many virtues, many merits, which must have made her love him, that I had never seen in him before. His wan face looked patient, his great brow more spiritual than ever, and I was sure she would cling to him with a keener affection as she beheld him passing away. Did I not remember how it had been with me and Nelly.

I suppose when death comes among us; no matter how long we have been warned; how long we have used ourselves to think that he might knock at the door any day—his coming appears sudden—unexpected. I rose one morning as usual; and, on looking at the opposite house, saw that the shutters were closed and the blinds all down. Arthur, then, was dead. The milkman came to the door, the baker, the post-man with his letters—letters for a dead man.

It was Thursday morning. Georgie would pass early. A little before nine she came, ran swiftly up the house-steps and rang. At the same moment, advanced in another direction, the man with the board on which the dead are laid. He was but just gone, then! Georgie stood by to let him pass before her, and I saw the shiver that ran through her frame as she watched him up the stairs, and thought what he was going to do. Robert came out to her; his manly face, grief-stricken and pale, was writhing as he recounted to her, perhaps, some dying message from Arthur, perhaps some last token of his love—I know not what.

Nelly's last moments—Nelly's death over again to me!

Then Georgie came out crying—crying, oh! so bitterly; and in going down from the door, she dropped the flowers that she had brought in her hand to gladden eyes that the sight of her would never more gladden on this earth. Robert picked them up; and, after watching her a few minutes on her way, went in again and shut the door. But, in the afternoon, she returned and went up stairs to see what had been her lover. It is good to look at the cast-off mould of what we love; it discovers us so coldly, so effectually from their dust. It forces us to look elsewhere for the warm, loving soul that animated it. There is nothing in that clay that can respond to us. That which we idolised, exists elsewhere.

Every day—sometimes at one hour, sometimes at another—Georgie came to the opposite house, was admitted by Robert, and visited the relics of her beloved. She seemed to be more than ever alone; for even in these melancholy comings and goings, she was always unaccompanied. On the sixth day from Arthur's death, there was a funeral; and Georgie and Robert were the only mourners who attended it. Seeing the girl, white and tearful, in her black clothing, I said,

"She did love him, and I hope she will stay—for his sake—a widow all her life."

The Thursday and Saturday morning transits were now resumed. Georgie looked graver, loftier, more thoughtful; like a woman on whom sorrow has lighted, but whom sorrow cannot destroy. Robert left the opposite house, and sometimes my fancy went home with the poor lonely girl, and I wondered whether she had any friend in the world who was near to her and dear to her now.

For upwards of six months I never missed her with her roll of music twice in the week; but at the end of that time she suddenly ceased to appear in our quiet streets, and I saw her no more for a long time. I thought that this romance of mine, like many others, was to melt away among the crowd of actualities; but yesterday, behold! there came upon me its dramatic conclusion. Georgie and Robert, he strong and handsome as ever, she fair and lovely, and wearing garments that had the spotless air of belonging to a new bride, came like a startling sun-break into its gloom. They passed opposite the house where Arthur died, seemed to recall him each to the other, and then walked on silently and more slowly than before; but before they turned the corner, I could see Georgie smiling up in Robert's face, and Robert looking down on Georgie with such a love as never shone in Arthur's cold, spiritual eyes.

For an instant I had a little regret—a little anger against her—but it passed. Let Georgie live her life, and be happy! Did I not at the first wish that Robert—and not Arthur—had been her choice.

COAST SCENE NEAR TRONDHJEM, LAPLAND.

Trondhjem was once the capital of Norway, before Bergen or Christiana. We have here a scene without a name—the picture of a solitary coast in Lapland, not many miles from the town above mentioned. To our mind there is a deep charm in the austere and simple beauty of this landscape. The quiet sky—the vague, gray rocks, like ghosts in the calm distance—the dark verdureless masses of the foreground—the far expanse of pure, still water, cold and clear as a mountain tarn, with the pendulous shadows of all objects mirrored so movelessly within its tranquil depths—the wild deer alone peopling the solitude, and the soft, silent, silver atmosphere that is diffused over all, make up a scene dear to the imaginative mind. Here is the stuff that day dreams are made of, and many an Arctic reverie can be evoked from such material.

TAKING DOWN A BOORISH CHINAMAN.

Mr. Milne, who has lately published a book on China, and who adopted the dress, aspect, manners and customs of the Chinese while in that country, gives the following account of his collision with a rude fellow, which strikes us as a good specimen of successful adroitness in baffling impertinent inquiry:—

"On entering the room, I kept my straw hat on my head, and, in case any one might again indulge suspicions about me, I also drew my queue over my right shoulder, as a precautionary measure—the advantage of which will presently appear. I had not taken my seat many minutes when a fellow walked in (I presume) from the police-station right in front of the booking-office. The intruder looked sternly at me, and in an under-tone asked one of them in waiting, 'Who is that there?' The man replied, 'I really don't know. He has just come from Ningpo, and must be a merchant bound for the interior.' The boor then came up, and, placing himself before me, demanded, 'Take off that hat of yours.' I made no reply. He repeated his demand. I could not longer keep silence and answered, 'Don't you see, my friend, that I am very warm; and, as there is a draught over head, I cannot take it off till I am a little cooler? as soon will, however, quietly sit down and bide my pleasure, I shall take it off by and by.' I was a little disconcerted as he instantly squatting on the opposite bench. Next, he commenced to catechise me on the following points:—'What's your surname? Where do you come from? What are you about here? Where are you going to?' These questions he couched in rude and uncivil language. Perceiving this, I mustered the usual polite style adopted by his countrymen in their intercourse with strangers, and taking courage (for I felt sure of vanquishing him by politeness and etiquette), I replied to his successive queries in the following manner: 'My vulgar surname is ——' (giving the surname I had adopted for my travels). 'My trifling name is ——. The low and humble place from which I have come is ——,' &c. When he had exhausted his stock of interrogatories and found that I could give him such pat replies, he evidently began to feel rather uncomfortable at having intruded himself. Detecting the advantage I had already gained over my impolite inquisitor, and, as according to custom it was my turn now to interrogate, I commenced in the complimentary phraseology of the country:—'And pray, sir, what may be your excellent surname? honorable name? famous native place?' &c.; to all of which the fellow gave replies in a tone somewhat subdued, and in language more humble. He looked uneasy, and as I eyed him fixedly, he grew very sheepish. I had observed that, from the time of his entering, he watched my 'tail' with a deal of earnestness, and, probably suspecting it to be false or only for an occasion tacked on to my straw hat, he had, with a view of proving its genuineness, required me to take off the hat.—Having promised to comply with his wish when I felt cooler, and now perceiving that the opportunity of confounding him had come, I gently raised the straw bonnet without saying a word, and with a handkerchief wiped the perspiration off my forehead. But the tail over my right shoulder did not move! 'Paul Pry' saw this and felt outwitted. So he rose from his chair, bowed humbly, walked off, and no more appeared. Thus much for my third trial in this village."

Lord Brougham and Mrs. Davis.—One day, when an important cause was coming on, a parcel of papers had been sent from Mr. G——'s office to Lord Brougham, but one was forgotten, and Mr. G——, hastily recollecting it, bade me run with it instantly, and deliver it very carefully.

I went, and was shown into a room, where I saw a person whom I took to be a clerk. I gave the packet into his hand, and told him to be sure to give it to his master.

He nodded his head, and said quietly—

"I dare say I shall."

I was provoked at his taking it so easy, and said to him—

"You sulky old fellow, I'll tell your master. Look at the paper. It is of great consequence, Mr. G—— says, and you must look at it."

I would not rest until he did so, and then I went away.

Mr. G—— told me afterwards that it was Lord Brougham himself, who was so pleased with my faithfulness about the paper, that he gave Mr. G—— half a sovereign to give me "for my impudence."—*Life of Mrs. Davis.*

The Scottish Character.—There is no population on the face of the earth, at least in my knowledge, which has produced, in proportion to its numbers, so large a company of eminent men, so vast an amount of moral energy, such a masculine tone of thought, so that the name of a Scotchman is proverbial for prudence, sagacity and self-reliance, of almost every quality on which man's success in life depends. No doubt we find the source of these results in the character of the people, and also in the institutions of the country; but if there is one weak place in these institutions, it is in connection with that particular department of high mind culture which is derived from the fountains of Greece and Rome, to which, in a great degree, is due the civilization of Europe, and which possesses a power almost greater than any other in contributing to make man great.—*Gladstone.*

A TUSSLE WITH TIGERS;

OR,

MY TRIP TO BUKHEIRA.

I had heard so much about the quantity of game to be found in the neighboring village of Bukheira, which lay within sight, and the jurisdiction of Apegent, at the distance of about twelve miles, that I determined, as soon as the season would permit me to hope that I might escape the risk of contracting the horrible jungle fever, to spend some days in its precincts to enjoy the sport in perfection.

Accordingly, about a week before Christmas, having obtained leave of absence, I dispatched a few of my servants with a tent bed, cooking utensils, &c., &c., to the selected spot early in the morning; and a little before sunset, I followed them on a stout, sure-footed pony, accompanied by one of my official servants, a chuppraasee or badge-bearer, and a groom who carried my hog-spear. The chuppraasee was a Persian by birth, from the province of Mekran, and a very stout, muscular man, about forty years of age; armed with a sharp tulwar, or broad-sword, and a short matchlock from the province of Scinde.

His name was Izzur, and his profession that of a soldier of fortune—that is, to speak plainly, a robber; and he was one of that gallant band, who, previous to our Pindaree war, was entirely at the service of any one who chose to pay him, either to plunder others, or to protect his employer.

Occasionally Izzur acted on his own bottom, and did a little business for himself; or else joined a gole or horde of Pindarees, who burnt and plundered villages "from morn till dewy eve." He was, therefore, a thoroughly respectable man, who had never defiled his hands by any menial or laborious occupation; rough and ready, of the most liberal and independent principles, and most prompt in action.

I had good reason for preferring him to the distinguished situation of chuppraisee, because he was a most superb matchlock shot, and could, nay, he actually did, subsist himself and his charming family, by a free use of his gun, which supplied him with game in the greatest profusion. What he and they could not consume, he was considerate enough to sell in the bazaar, and thus obtain powder and shot.

Izzur's personal appearance was highly picturesque. He wore a huge black beard, and immense moustaches. His eyes were large and black, deeply set under bushy or shaggy eyebrows; his skin was of a sallow brown, well sunburnt. In fact he was the very beau ideal of an Indian "stand and deliver or I'll cut you down," and for that reason commanded universal respect and submission.

We descended the northern face of the fortress, and commenced our march to Bukheira along a mere rough track, over exceedingly rocky broken ground, covered occasionally with thick grass of the species called Rona; so that when it became dark, I was compelled to proceed at a snail's pace, for fear of tumbling headlong into a ravine, many of which crossed our path.

I began to fancy that we might lose our way, for I observed by the stars that we wandered very considerably from a right line; but Izzur assured me that he knew the road well; and that the village was *only three* miles further off.

He endeavored to beguile the tedium of the journey by relating many interesting portions of his past life, in a curious mixture of Persian, Mahratta, Hindoostanee, to my great delight and enlightenment, and to the equally intense astonishment of my groom, when all of a sudden the "feast of reason" was stopped by a tremendous roar from our front!

I pulled up instantly; and the sound was repeated until the pony trembled under me.

"Ya-ogh! Yugh! Ya-ogh-oo!!" In fact we had crossed the path or entered the home preserve of a royal tiger, just as he had commenced his prandial researches.

"Izzur," said I, "what beast is that?"

I knew as well as he did that we were within thirty or forty feet of a tiger; for I had often heard the gentle murmurs of the king of the Indian forests, although not at such a trifling distance.

"Sahib!" said Izzur, in his pianissimo soprano, "that's a real tiger—an animal which is a great enemy to horses."

Important communication, officially conveyed; so I immediately put my hands down to my holsters and pulled out my pistols, to be prepared for his attack; but on discovering, by touch, that the priming had dropped out of both pans, I quietly replaced the inefficient tools in their receptacles, and began to meditate on my future line of action.

It was true that the tiger was in our front, and we did not know that there was any in the rear; but the night had become so very dark, and I knew the road to be so dangerous, that I deemed it safer to stand still than to make any retrograde movement. But as the spots from which the sounds proceeded were continually shifting and approaching, I was aware that his majesty had determined on diminishing his distance, preparatory to taking the fatal leap. The music was approaching a little too rapidly, when I asked the Mekranee,

"Izzur, do you see the tiger?"

"A tiger?" said he, in a strain of affected indignation that was highly amusing. "That's no tiger, the cowardly, base born scoundrel; that's some brute of a deer, who thinks to impose upon Izzur's salt." Then addressing the groom, "Take courage, brother; take courage. Where is the skulking villain?"

Certainly he had approximated very close to our position, when Izzur, advancing a couple of paces in front of my pony, fired his matchlock in the supposed direction of the tiger, and instantly we heard the rustling noise of his retreat, on which Izzur roared out most triumphantly, "Be off, you cowardly rascal, you base born scoundrel, and let the Sahib proceed on his journey;" and instantly we recommenced our march, without experiencing any further accident or inconvenience, and in due time reached the ruined village, where we were to sleep during the night.

On entering a large hut, that had been swept out and thoroughly cleared for my reception, we were received by the head men of the village, which did not contain twenty souls in all.

Izzur, who was well known to them, detailed our recent adventure, in a very amusing manner.

"What!" said an old man, "have you really been firing at our tiger?"

"At your tiger?"

"Yes, sir. It's our own old tiger! Why we know the old fellow perfectly. He hasn't got a front tooth in his head! He's a very nice old tiger, and knows how to behave himself peaceably. None of us would fire at him. He lives near our village, and never attacks a man. He sometimes devours a bullock; but he generally eats hog-deer, which is softer food. The poor beast is growing very old, and is losing his teeth. I hope you have not hurt him, as we have known him a great many years."

We all joined in a hearty laugh at Izzur; but indubitably the sound from his matchlock saved some of our carcases from the maw of the nice gentlemanlike and considerate old tiger.

I got up before day break the next morning, and found the whole country enveloped in a dense, moist fog, so that it was utterly useless to go out before sunrise. Every tree and bush seemed saturated with dew; but at sunrise, accompanied by Izzur and a few of the villagers, I took the field on foot against every species of game. The screaming of innumerable peafowls, and the notes of the black and gray partridges were almost deafening and very exciting, but after shooting a few of each, I returned disgusted, to breakfast in the hut.

It was quite evident from the miserable state of the peasant's crops, that wild four-footed animals abounded, as the grain had been trampled down in a most grievous manner. The luxuriance of the jet black soil was beyond belief, and could the produce be secured even then it would have been a small fortune to the proprietors.

My white jacket and nether garments were wet through and through and torn to rags, so impossible did I find it to press through the bushes, and the animals retreated into the thick jungle as we advanced; and I only started some bulgaus and wild hogs to see them disappear before I could raise my fowling-piece to my shoulder.

I soon found that nothing worth the trouble could be gained at Bukheira without an elephant, as wading through the jungle was far beyond even my physical powers, and I therefore determined on riding back to my post, very much disappointed at my bad luck. We proceeded homeward in the afternoon, en grande cavalcade, looking rather silly; at least I can answer for myself—my Sadees, leading with the hog-spear, and Izzur relating a gentle passage at arms in which he and a few Arabs had succeeded in assaulting, murdering, and robbing the inhabitants of the neighboring stronghold of Baungarh, then held by a few Mahrattas under Sindiah's government. I had, most fortunately, for my existence, re-loaded my pistols and double-barrelled fowling-piece before starting for home.

Our party entered a long, deep, craggy gully, with overhanging walls on both sides, in the midst of a dense jungle, within a mile of the fortress, little dreaming of any surprise, when all of a sudden the groom, who had advanced perhaps a hundred paces before me, and had quite disappeared round an angle of the track, gave a terrific shout, on which I pulled up, and immediately afterwards the frightened man ran furiously past us all. I turned my head round and said,

"What is the matter? Did you see anything?"

"Sahib, Sahib, there's a large tigress and her buchu (or cub) sitting in the middle of the road! We must go back."

"Not so fast, my child—I must see what she is like."

"I'll go with the Sahib," said Izzur.

"Be silent, all of you—give me the gun, Izzur."

I examined the pans and found all right. I then removed the pistols from the holsters and examined both, repriming one of them.

"Now, Izzur, you bring the gun behind me, give me the spear when I fire my pistols, and take to your heels," said I, addressing the Sadees; "make no noise, or you'll frighten her away."

Dismounting, and then advancing about twenty feet before my servants, I proceeded most noiselessly to the corner of the road, and there, sure enough, lay a beautiful tigress, with a cub about the size of a full grown grayhound, both looking wistfully in my face. As she lay sideways curling her tail, I lifted a pistol calmly, and aiming behind her shoulder, fired successfully, that is to say, she was evidently wounded, growled, and raised herself up, on seeing which, I aimed again at the same spot, fired, and heard the *thud* of the bullet, and down she dropped in a second, to my great joy.

Little anticipating any resistance from the young varmint, I hastily advanced, and to my amazement, found out that the son and heir meant to discover who was master. On his springing at me with a snappish bark, I turned my back to seize the spear, when he leapt on me, and fastened his sharp claws in my shoulders, with the intention of seizing my neck.

His weight was very great, bending me down, when Izzur the Mekranee, roared out "I'll cut him to pieces," and instantly hit the beast over the loins with his sabre, on which he dropped on the ground.

In this unfortunate manner, I lost one of the finest male cub-skins that I ever saw.

My white cloth jacket and my braces were torn to rags, and the blood which trickled from the scratches on my shoulders, by the time I had reached the fortress, had accumulated so much as to resemble the pattern of a fine French shawl, even wetting my saddle.

I directed Izzur to look out for a few men or a hackery, on which to remove the body of the tigress. He crawled up the bank, and seeing a ruined village, ran towards it and in less than ten minutes returned with a couple of Bheels and a Chumar.

These men volunteered to skin the tigers if I would give them the flesh of both animals. The bargain was struck, and they proceeded quickly to work.

The skin was sent after me to Apergush, and proved to be a very beautiful trophy, with two bullet-holes under the left arm about three inches apart.

In due time I pocketed the twenty rupees granted by government for killing a couple of tigers, and in return for his share of the bounty Izzur the Mekranee gave me the title of "Sheer-jung-bahadoor,"* which I retained until I joined the Court of Oude.

The consequences of this one night's sleeping in the forest, were most melancholy; for two days after my return to the fortress, I was attacked in the morning by the worst possible kind of jungle fever; and before evening I felt as hot as a burning coal.

I passed the night in high delirium, but awoke in the morning as cold as ice, from a most drenched perspiration.

The doctor paid me every kind of attention, but gave up all hope of my recovery, and began to ply me with miserable teaspoonfuls of weak brandy and water.

Having witnessed the departure of my fellow soldiers, who had been in a similar manner indulged before death with such thin potations, I saw what the good man's opinion of the case was; so calling for a bottle of thirty years' old Madeira, I requested my spouse to fill up a large claret glass. She gave an anxious look at the physician, who said, in a whisper, "Give it to him, it does not signify." "Oh, indeed," said I to myself. I gulped it down, and waiting a few seconds, found that it had no effect in warming my stomach. "Give me another!" The same looks were exchanged. I got and swallowed my second bumper. Yet still no effects were perceptible. I called boldly for a third. "Give it him, give it him." On swallowing it I was glad to feel a slight degree of warmth, and the dose having been just half a bottle, satisfied me. I then addressed my wife thus: "I shall very probably be seized with convulsions during my sleep—don't disturb me, but let me die quietly." I composed myself to sleep, and, as I had predicted, convulsions followed; but my sleep continued until my usual time for rising, when, although a little weak, I felt well enough to get up, and I was actually putting on my stockings, when the doctor, who had come back in the expectation of finding me dead, entered the room looking the picture of astonishment. I dressed and enjoyed a hearty breakfast.—*Adventures in India.*

* The brave triumphant over tigers.

RESULTS OF GOOD BREEDING.

The following anecdote is related by Mr. Walker in his amusing and instructive publication, "The Original," as affording a fine instance of the value of good breeding or politeness, even in circumstances where it could not be expected to produce any personal advantage:

"An Englishman making the grand tour towards the middle of the last century, when travellers were more objects of attention than at present, on arriving at Turin, sauntered out to see the place. He happened to meet a regiment of infantry returning from the parade, and, taking a position to see it pass, a young captain, evidently desirous to make a display before the stranger, in crossing one of the numerous water-courses with which the city is intersected, missed his footing, and in trying to save himself lost his hat. The exhibition was truly unfortunate; the spectators laughed, and looked at the Englishman, expecting him to laugh too. On the contrary, he not only retained his composure, but promptly advanced to where the hat had rolled, and taking it up, presented it with an air of unaffected kindness to its confused owner. The officer received it with a blush of surprise and gratitude, and hurried to rejoin his company. There was a murmur of applause, and the stranger passed on. Though the scene of a moment, and without a word spoken, it touched every heart—not with admiration for a mere display of politeness, but with a warmer feeling for a proof of that true charity 'which never faileth.' On the regiment being dismissed, the captain, who was a young man of consideration, in glowing terms related the circumstance to his colonel. The colonel immediately mentioned it to the general in command; and, when the Englishman returned to his hotel he found an aid-de-camp waiting to request his company to dinner at head-quarters. In the evening he was carried to court—at that time, as Lord Chesterfield tells us, the most brilliant court in Europe—and was received with particular attention. Of course, during his stay at Turin he was invited, everywhere; and on his departure he was loaded with letters of introduction to the different States of Italy. Thus a private gentleman of moderate means, by a graceful impulse of Christian feeling, was enabled to travel through a foreign country, then of the highest interest for its society, as well as for the charms it still possesses, with more real distinction and advantage than can ever be derived from the mere circumstances of birth and fortune, even the most splendid."

"A RAT! A RAT! DEAD FOR A DUCAT!"—The most dainty of Parisian kid gloves are made from the velvetty rat-skins of Britain and the continent. As a consequence, rats are becoming scarce in Europe, and gloves costly in proportion. It is suggested, in this dilemma, that we commence entrapping, instead of killing, American rats, and export their peltries to the great glove emporium! The rat is plentiful enough in this country. He is very prolific, very mischievous, very courageous, and very adroit. But Yankee ingenuity is limitless. Only let "Alexandre" or "Jouvin" send over a colossal order and pay a respectable price. No rats will be found here a twelvemonth afterwards, unless it be upon the rosy fingers of a belle, or in the "latest improved" invention of amateur trappers of glove-skins "in the raw" for fashionable consumption.—*N. Y. Sunday Times.*

RATHER THIN CLOTHING.—A correspondent of the Boston Transcript has been gossiping about the Brown family. Most of the good sayings of Mr. Brown are reported, but a few are suppressed through the fear, we presume, of the censorship of Napoleon the Third (!) One of these (says the writer) occurred on Friday last, when the thermometer stood at ninety-three degrees. As one of the lucky ones was coolly wending his way home from the Custom House, he met his friend Brown. "Whew, Brown!" said he, "this is fearful—what is the thinnest clothing that a man can wear in such weather?" "Can't say," replied Brown, "but now I look at it, I *think* that the man clothed with a little brief authority, is the most comfortable." "Thank you, Brown, I am going to the *Post* office, and will say a good word for you *to-morrow*, Mr. Brown."

A THRILLING DRAMA.

The Newburyport Herald tells the story of a pilot lost overboard, and mourned as gone forever, after this manner:

The day of miracle is passed—so it has, and let it go; but so long as Michael Stevens, Jr., shall live, we shall look upon him as one risen from the dead. While we were lamenting that this worthy man was gone, and the flags had drooped in mourning for the dead—while people were stopping each other at the corners of the streets to talk over the matter, and some were raising a subscription for the benefit of his family—after we had published his obituary, and had already another paragraph written, calling for a material testimony to aid the widow and the orphans—as suddenly as though he had fallen from the heavens above, Captain Stevens, yesterday at noon, appeared in our streets. Wildly the story goes about town; speedily he is rushed home to a family mourning his demise; instantly the flags from half-mast are run hard up; and gladness is upon all faces, for the lost is found, and the dead is alive again. With the tide of men moving to the south end, we go to greet him and learn his story. Almost immediately after his companions had retired below, as he was standing on the quarter with the spyglass to his eye, the main boom jibed over striking him in the back of the neck, and sweeping him into the sea.—Instantly the boat filled away, and sailed off with a six knot breeze. He turned in pursuit, but one hundred yards swimming satisfied him that that was useless. He hallooed, but the noise of the sails, the rushing of the waters, and the intervening decks, shut off all communication. There he was in the midst of the ocean; the boat receding, and no friendly sail in sight; it was not desirable to die, and he lay for some time upon the surface, when, by-and-bye, five miles away, a sail appears standing toward him—it is his only hope—a faint hope, but the last; he did not swim to her, but reserved his strength; and when she was within two miles it was evident that she was going a long way to the windward. He then coolly—oh! how can a man be cool with the deep water below and naught but the deeper heavens above?—coolly he struck out to head her off. For three-quarters of a mile or more he swam for dear life; but now he begins to fail. His legs are already cold and stiff, and he hangs down deep, the waves breaking to his mouth. 'Tis the last chance; he raises his head and shouts; and a woman says: "I hear a voice." All hands look around. It is now or never; and as a last effort he stretches himself above the waves and says—"I am drowning." They hear—they see. "Ease off sheets! up helm! man the boat!" It is done as quick as said—quicker than written. "I shall drown," calls the brave, struggling, but sinking man, "before the boat can row." The captain turns the craft full upon him, and minus of help, gives the helm to his wife, while with the coil of rope he stands in the bows. The rowers pull strong, but many yards are yet between them and the sinking man, when the vessel's prow nears the spot, and with the captain's call, "Catch hold," the rope falls upon his head, and is turned around the wrist. The rope is paid out, the sails shake in the wind, and in two minutes more—after he had been in the water an hour and a half—the captain and his wife pull him over the side, helpless, and for a long time clouded and wandering in mind.

This yacht proved to be the Bloomer, from Salem, Capt. Dudley Davis, who was taking his family on a trip to Portland, Me. He rendered Capt. Stevens all the assistance needed, landed him to Portland on Sunday, and with the first train that reached here on Monday, he was returned to his family—returned to startle, to gladden, to change. Great God! what a change! The father, with three score and ten years upon him, the young wife, stricken to the soul, the little children, to whom home was gloomy—they can tell, we cannot.

JOHN RANDOLPH, OF ROANOKE, ON THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.—Rely upon it that to love a woman as a mistress although a delicious delirium, an intoxication far surpassing champagne, is altogether unessential, nay, pernicious, in the choice of a wife, which a man ought to set about in his sober senses, choosing her as Mrs. Primrose did her wedding-gown, for qualities that wear well. I am well persuaded that few love matches are happy ones. One thing at least is true, that if matrimony has its cares celibacy has no pleasures. A Newton or a mere scholar may find employment in study; a man of literary taste can receive in books a powerful auxiliary; but a man must have a bosom friend and children around him to cherish and support the dreariness of old age. Do you remember A—— V——? He could neither read nor think; any wife, even a scolding one, would have been a blessing to that poor man. After all, *suitability* is the true foundation for marriage. If the parties be united to one another, if age, situation in life, (a man indeed may descend when all else is fitting,) temper and constitution, these are the ingredients of a happy marriage, or at least a convenient one—which is all that people of experience expect.

FALSTAFF'S COUNTERPARTS.—During the session of the Democratic National Convention in Cincinnati, a delegate, having taken breakfast at the St. Charles, walked up to the counter, and demanded his bill. He was asked what he had had, and the reply was, "Six brandy cocktails, tea and toast." This, so far as breakfast is concerned, is without a parallel. But a late incident is worthy to go down to immortality with it. A gentleman from Missouri was in attendance at Lexington at the laying of the corner-stone of the Clay monument, on the Fourth, and his baggage, undergoing investigation, was found to consist of a carpet-sack, containing four bottles of whiskey and two revolvers, one shirt and two collars. One of his travelling companions said that the shirt had been put in simply to keep the bottles from breaking.

☞ Some young men, travelling on horseback, became inordinarily thirsty, and stopped for milk at a house by the roadside. They emptied every basin that was offered, and still wanted more. The woman of the house at length brought out an enormous bowl of milk, and set it down on the table, saying, "One would think, gentlemen, you had never been weaned."

OUR BRANCH OF THE CIRCUMLOCUTION OFFICE.

The Baltimore Sun announces, as a very important movement in the grape and wine culture of the United States, that the Commissioner of Patents has set apart a portion of the funds last appropriated by Congress, for agricultural purposes, for obtaining cuttings of all the native wild grape vines of the country, to be placed in the hands of practical cultivators, with the view of testing their adaptation to the soil and climate of the other sections of the Union, and determining their value for eatable use and for making wine.

Perhaps our government does not know that Nicholas Longworth has been at this same business for the last twenty five years, advertising far and near for wild grapes that had the least claims to notice, that he might test them, and that the result of all his expenditure of time and money is, not a single wild grape worth cultivating. Mr. Longworth has given the skill and experience of a life time, and thousands of dollars, to this endeavor to obtain a good table or wine grape from our forests, and without anything to reward but the demonstration that successful vine culture does not lie in that direction.

Every horticulturist, of any distinction, is now looking for the great desideratum in the new seedlings and hybrids that are claiming attention. They have no expectation of success either from European vines or from our old wild natives. As a class these latter vines are worthless, and the vine dresser is sure to lose his labor who plants them. Was ever anything more in keeping with the do-nothing character of our government officials than this last movement in vine culture? Will they ever have a new idea, or one pertinent to their appropriate duties? Why not appropriate funds for an expedition to Spitzbergen to introduce vine cuttings from its frozen valleys or to look up Kid's buried treasures, or to try perpetual motion? Men might earn their money in these exploits, but in testing our wild grapes there is poor chance for anything but to pocket the money without rendering any service to the cause of horticulture.—*New York Times.*

CURE FOR STAMMERING.—At every syllable pronounced, tap at the same time with the finger. By so doing the most inveterate stammerer will be surprised to find he can pronounce quite fluently, and, by long and constant practice, he will pronounce perfectly well. This may be explained in two ways, either by a sympathetic consentaneous action of the nerves of voluntary motion in the finger, and in those of the tongue, which is the most probable; or it may be that the movement of the finger distracts the attention of the individual from his speech, and allows a free action of the nerves concerned in articulation.

PLUM JAM.—The flavor of plum jam, and indeed of all jams made with stone fruits, is very greatly improved by the addition of a few *bitter* almonds. During the boiling process about half-a-dozen almonds for every pound of fruit is enough, though more may be used by those who are partial to them. The almonds need not be removed, but may be left in the jam, and eaten with it. The addition of vanilla to stone fruit jam also improves its flavor; but vanilla is too expensive for general use.

Nothing great is lightly won,
Nothing won is lost;
Every good deed, nobly done,
Will repay the cost
Leave to Heaven, in humble trust,
All you will to do,
But if you succeed, you must
Paddle your own canoe. —*Bolton.*

☞ An old farmer, whose son had died, was visited by a neighbor, who began to condole with him on his loss. "My loss! No such thing; it's his own loss—he was of age."

☞ There is a tradition concerning the crimson wall flower. A beautiful maiden, climbing a garden wall to converse clandestinely with her lover, who was outside, fell to the ground, and her blood sprinkled the flowers at the base of the wall, mottling some, dyeing others wholly crimson. From that day, the wall flowers, before only yellow, have been crimson and yellow spotted.

☞ A friend of ours who is full of sympathy, while talking about the coolness of the past summer, allowed this exclamation of grief to escape him: "It's a pity; what a hard time the poor horse flies have had."

☞ In the commission of evil, fear no man so much as thy own self. Another is but one witness against thee; thou art a thousand. Another thou mayst avoid, but thyself thou canst not; wickedness is its own punishment.

☞ "A woman to be respected must possess real merit of mind and heart; without this, mere beauty would ultimately fail to be attractive." Lola Montez said that.

THERE is no death; what seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portals we call death. —*Longfellow.*

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER,
No. 320 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct		
" " '62	108	—
" " '67	116	—
" " '68	116	—
" " '85	109	—
Penna 5 pr ct	89½	90
" " new	85	85½
" 3 "	—	—
Cam City 6 pr ct	90	95
Pitts 6 pr ct	—	—
" " coupon	—	—
Allg'y city 6 pr ct	—	—
" " county	60	65½
Alle on RR 6's	75	70
Penn "	—	—
" 5 "	89½	92
" " coupon	84	85
Tenn 6 pr ct	95	95½
" 5 " coupon	70	74
Kentucky 6 pr ct	97	100
Penn RR 6 pr ct	100	99
2d m'tgage '83	95	96
C & Am RR 6 pr ct	70	75
P G & N RR "	90	92½
Readings RR "	70	77
Penn m RR "	95	98
H & Erie RR "	—	—
Cha Val RR "	30	32
Penn RR "	75	75
Phil Wil & Bal '60 RR 6 pr ct	85	90½
Long I RR "	80	70
Sch Nav '72 "	60	62
Lehigh Nav "	90	92½
Mort "	92	93½
C & D Ct "	60½	69
Sus & Tid '70 "	75	77½
Union Canal "	80	82
Williams & Elmira 1st m'tg 7 pr ct	92	93½
" 2d " 7 pr ct	82	83
Catawissa "	80	82½
North Penna 6 pr ct	85	86
RAILROAD STOCK.		
Cam & Amboy	100	102
Penna	43½	44
Sus Meadow	51	53½
North Penna	34	36
Phil Ger & Nor	50	60
Reading	25½	26
Manchill	57	60
Har & Lan	54	—
Chester Val	—	—
Texas	—	—
" preferred	25	—
P W & Balt	98	99
Long Island	99	101
Wil sport & Elmira	15	20
Catawissa	91	96
CANAL STOCKS.		
Sch Nav	12	14
" preferred	17½	18
Lehigh Nav	83	84
Morris consolidated	45	47
" preferred	94	97
C & Del	57	58
Union	4½	6
Sus & Tidewater	7	8
BANK STOCKS.		
North Amer	150	155
Penna	100½	102
Phila	119	120
Far & Mon	62½	63
Commercial	80	85½
N Liberty	52	55
Mechanics	98	99½
Southwark	80	82
P Township	20	25
Kensington	68	72
Girard	70	70½
Western	69	87½
Man & Mech	29	30
Commerce	65	68
Tradesman's	61	—
City	4½	55
Consolidation	29	57½
Pittsburg	57	—
M & M Pitts	57	—
Ka'ga Pitts	57	—
Kentucky	108	110
Northern, Ky	112	115
Louisville, Ky.	110	111
Farmers, Ky.	108	110
Union, North Texas	99	100
Plant's, Tenn.	100	102
Com & R Vick	71	74
N O Gas Lt	125	127

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The Flour market has been decidedly flat since our last report, and prices have fallen off 25c @ bbl. There has been very little demand for shipment, and only 1200 bbls have been disposed of at $6.87½@7 @ bbl for fresh ground from new Wheat—closing at the latter figures including some W. R. Thomas' last bids at $7; extra at $7.50; 250 bbls Brandywine, 25c bbl extra, and 400 bbls extra family on private terms. The sales to the retailers and bakers have been limited within the range of the same figures for common and extra brands, and $7@8 for extra family and fancy lots. The receipts of Rye Flour and Corn Meal are small, and the stocks very much reduced. Sales of 400 bbls of the former at $4.50, and 700 bbls of the latter at $4 @ bbl.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat have increased both from the South and West, but the demand has been quite limited, both for milling and shipment, and prices have again fallen off fully 1c @ bush. Sales of 28,000 bushels Southern and Western, ranging from $1.43@1.50 for red, and $1.70@1.85 for inferior to choice white, closing at $1.35 @1.40 for good red and $1.75@1.80 for white. Rye comes in slowly. Small sales at 80c. Corn has been in moderate demand, but the receipts have been light. Sales of 10,000 bush yellow at mailto, afloat, and 8000 bush white in store—closing at the lowest rates. A lot of 500 bush white sold at 80c. Oats have been in fair request, and about 16,000 bushels fair and prime Delaware and Jersey at 39@40c @ bush mostly afloat.

PROVISIONS—The transactions in all descriptions have been limited, owing to the absence of receipts and the extreme low stocks on hand. Sales of Mess Pork, in lots, at $20.50 and Prime at $22, cash. There is only inquiry for City packed Mess Beef at $20, cash. Bacon—Hams a steady inquiry at full rates. The stock is now reduced at a less figure than at the same period for many years past. Sales of Hams at 14@15c. Sides at 13@13c, and Shoulders at 12½@12c, 60 days. Of Dry Salted Meats the stock is about exhausted. Lard—But little offering, and held for actual sale. Sales of barrels at 12@13c, and kegs at 13c @ lb, cash. Butter is rather more inquired after. Sales of solid packed at 12@13c, in barrels and kegs. Prices of Cheese continue as last quoted. Eggs are selling at 14@ 14½c @ doz.

BARK—The demand for Quercitron having fallen off, prices have declined $1. Sales of 62 hhds No 1 early in the week, at $26 @ ton, and 125 hhds since at $25. Prices of Tanners' Bark continue as last quoted.

BEESWAX—Continues scarce. Small sales of good Yellow at 27½@28c @ lb, cash.

CANDLES—Adamantine have been rather more inquired after, with sales of several lots at 22½@23c @ lb, 4 mos. Sperm are still at our last quotations.

COAL—The receipts have been moderate, and the market presents no new feature. The demand continues quite limited, both for shipment and the home trade, but prices are unchanged. In Bituminous nothing doing, and it is not wanted.

COFFEE—The stock has been increased by the arrival at this port of last week of an invoice of Rio and one of Laguayra. The market is dull. There must be buyers moderate, and holders are firm in their views. Sales of 200 bags at 11½@12c for the former, and 12½@13c, on time, for the latter. A small sale of Java was effected at 17c.

COPPER—Sheathing is held at 25c @ lb, 6 mos, but there is little or no demand. Small sales of Yellow Metal at 22c, 6 mos.

COTTON—The late European advices have had no perceptible effect upon the market. The demand has been limited, and prices of the close fell off 1c in consequence of the stringency of the money market. Sales of 900 bales, chiefly Upland, at 10¾@11c, and some samples at 10½@10¾c @ lb, on time.

DRUGS AND DYES—But little business doing. Among the sales we notice some Bleaching Powders at 3c, 6 mos; in cerasin Mexican Cochineal at $1.13; 100 casks Carbonate of Soda Ash in lots at 3½ c @ lb; E I Castor Oil and Opium are held for higher prices.

FEATHERS—Continue to meet a very limited inquiry. Sales of Live Western at 31@32c @ lb.

FISH—There are very few Mackerel coming forward.—About 200 bbls of new No 2s and 3s sold on private terms; 250 bbls medium to at $10.25, and No 2s at $13.25. Sales from store, at $17.50@18 for medium No 1s; $23.25@24 for No 2s, and $30@30.50 for No 3s. Large No 3s command $9.25@ 9.50 @ bbl. Pickled Herring are scarce, and are selling to the trade at $4 @ bbl. There are few or no Codfish here.

FRUIT—But little doing in Foreign, in consequence of the absence of supplies. A sale of Green Ginger was made at $18 @ bbl, and some Shaddocks at 2½c @ lb. Green Apples are arriving freely, and sell at from $1 to $2.50 @ bbl, as to quality. Peaches are selling at 75c to $1 @ basket.

GINSENG—Prices are nominal—there being no demand for the article.

GUANO—The demand is only for small lots within the range of our last quotations. A small cargo of Jervis Island has arrived and is selling at $45 @ ton.

HEMP—There has been nothing doing, and prices remain without change.

HIDES—An import of 2750 Laguyra and one of 10,000 Pernambuco have arrived since our last notice, and remained unsold.

HOPS—Continue to meet with a limited inquiry, at from 8 to 13 cents @ lb for 1st sort Eastern and Western.

INDIGO—Prices are rather better—the recent sales for consumption and export, both here and at the West, having reduced the stock. Sales of 50 chests Bengal at $1.40@1.55, 4 months, and 15 serons Caracoa on favorable terms.

IRON—The market has been quiet and there has been a very limited demand for Pig Metal. Sales of 400 tons No. 2 part for the West, deliverable on the Susquehanna, on private terms. Sales from store, at $27 for No. 1; $25 for No. 2, and $24.50 for No. 3, all six months. Blooms are comparatively scarce. Sales of Charcoal at $75, and best wire Blooms at $75.50, 6 months. Scotch Pig Iron. The last sale from the wharf was at $29, 6 months, at which it is freely offered. Limited sales of Bar and Boiler Iron are within our quotations.

LEAD—The stock of both domestic and foreign are light, and no sales have come under our notice.

LEATHER—There has been a steady demand for prime Spanish Sole and Slaughter Leather, without change in prices.

LUMBER—The supplies have somewhat fallen off. The demand continues fair for the season, and prices have undergone no change; cargo sales of Laths at $2.25 @ M.

MOLASSES—The market has been extremely quiet, there being little or no demand for it, and prices are nominal.

NAVAL STORES—But very little doing in any description. Small sales of Common Rosin at $1.62½@1.65 @ bbl. Fine Rosin is scarce. Prices of Tar and Pitch are unchanged. The stock of Spirits of Turpentine is much reduced. Small sales 47c, cash, and 48@50c, on time.

OILS—Red Oil continues scarce. A small sale of Western at 73c, cash. There has been more inquiry for Fish Oils and prices are well maintained. Sales of Crude Whale Oil at 72@73c, 4 mos. Linseed Oil is in steady request, with sales at 72@73c, cash. Lard Oil is firm at $1.10@1.20, 4 mos.

PLASTER—Continues dull, and prices are lower. A cargo sale of Soft at $2.25 @ ton, and one on private terms.

RICE—Continues in moderate demand, chiefly from store, at last week's rates. Sales in bds, at $5.25@5.50, 4 mos.

SALT—Prices are unchanged. A cargo of Turks Island sold on terms not made public.

SEEDS—The receipts of new Timothy have increased, and further sales of 400 bush have been made at $2@2.12½. Clover seed is scarce and in demand at $7@7.25 @ 64 lbs.—There is very little offering. Flaxseed is very scarce, and American is wanted at $1.80@1.90 @ bush.

SPICES—The sales have been unimportant.

SPIRITS—In Brandy and Gin there has been a steady trade doing without change in prices. N E Rum is scarce. Small sales at 30@34c. Whiskey has been dull, and prices have declined 2c @ gal. Sales of bbls at 25@26c; hhds at 26c, and Drudge at 25c.

SUGAR—There has been rather more inquiry for refining, but at a further concession in prices. Sales of 2000 hhds Cuba, chiefly to New York and Boston, for this market, at 9½@9¾c @ lb, on time, closing with a better feeling.

TALLOW—There is very little offering. Small sales at 10½c, cash, the latter for City Rendered.

TEAS—There has been a steady demand for Blacks and Greens, and prices are firm.

TOBACCO—Has been quiet. There has been some demand for Manufactured, but Leaf is neglected.

WINES—No transactions worthy of notice.

WOOL—There has been a fair demand for the finer grades, and prices are well maintained. Among the sales are 50,000 lbs fine fleece at 49@50c, 6 mos; and mixed at 45c; and common and ¼ blood at 43@47c, 6 mos. The stock of the fine and medium grades is very small.

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY
R. B. JONES, LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S SALOONS,
Nos. 127 and 720 Arch Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		Mutton.	
Roasting rib, @ lb	16 @ 18	Leg, Loin, Chp @ lb	8 @ 10
Sirloin steak	16 @ 20	Breast and Neck	6½ @ 8
Rump do	12½ @ 16	Young Lamb, whole	$5.00
Chuck pieces	8 @ 10½	Whole carcass	2 @ 3
Plates and navels		Veal.	
Corned	6 @ 10	Fore quarter @ lb	8
Tongues, fresh,	65 @ 75	Hind do	12
Leg, each,	31½ @ 37½	Chop	12½
Shin	5 @ 6	Cutlet	12½
Kidney	6 @ 12½	Sweetbread, each	10
Liver @ lb	6½	Pork.	
Dried Beef @ lb	18 @ 20	Young Pigs	$1 25 @ 1 50
Lamb.		Salt and fresh lb	12 @ 14
Fore quarter	75 @ 87½	Feet, @ set	12½ @ 25
Hind do	1 00 @ 1 25	Tripe, @ lb	4 @ 6
Chop @ lb	10 @ 12½	do	12½ @ 15
Calves Head, each	25 @ 31	Hams sliced	12½ @ 15
		Bologna Sausage	10 @ 10
VEGETABLES.			
Turnips bkt	47 @ 50

A KERRY PEASANT'S NOTIONS ABOUT AMERICA.

"My guide, having fulfilled his pioneering duties, was lying down at full length, smoking his dhudeen in silent enjoyment. The pipe finished, he was eloquent in praise of the extensive view. 'Why, yer honor, I'm tould if yez good eyes yez can see Merlky.' 'Not quite so far, I think.' 'Well, thin, 'tis myself would like to see it, any how.' 'Then you have friends there?' 'Troth I have, yer honor, and relations too.' Then he proceeded to tell me of their emigration and prosperity in the great country; and how one of his sisters had become a grand lady, wearing silk dresses, which puzzled him much, as she was only a factory girl. Ascertaining that she was at Lowell, near Boston, I told my guide that I knew the place where his sister worked; upon which he started to his feet, and besieged me with numberless questions respecting her occupation and the locality where she was living. It appeared that she had promised to send him money to take him out to America, and he was daily expecting a remittance; though how she could manage to effect this, seeing that she was only working in a cotton mill, was beyond his comprehension. I bade him have faith in her promise, assuring him that the young ladies of Lowell had means to do many things besides adorning themselves in silk and satin.

"No traveller in Ireland, and particularly through the western counties, can fail being struck by the yearning spirit which generally prevails among the peasantry to emigrate to America—and no wonder. For although agricultural wages are higher than they were a few years ago, yet the condition of the Irishman in the United States and parts of Canada is still very superior to that of his brother in the old country. My guide informed me that more than half the population of the parish in which he resides have emigrated; and that, although accounts are occasionally received of a surplus of labor hands in America, still the sums of money sent home, to enable persons to join their relatives in the United States and Canada, are so large as to remove all doubts respecting the wisdom of crossing the Atlantic.

"Of this I have had more than once ample confirmation, when sojourning at the houses of magistrates in Ireland. The law requires that all money-orders on a bank in Ireland, drawn by emigrants in favor of their relations in Ireland, should be endorsed by a magistrate before they are paid. Thus it is no uncommon sight to see at the hall door of a magistrate wretched-looking peasants, rag-clothed, bearing money orders, from two pounds to twenty pounds in amount, which they have received to enable them to cross the Atlantic."—*Weld's Vacation in Ireland.*

ONE OF THE FAIRY TALES OF SCIENCE.—If I were a poet I might describe cobalt as it deserves to be described; but being only a chemist, I must state in plain prose that the history of cobalt is of no strange a character, that one can scarcely believe it to be a reality. The very name "cobalt" is derived from *Kobold*, which means an "evil spirit;" yet although it retains its name, it is now placed on a pinnacle of fame in the chemical laboratory, and very justly so, for its intrinsic worth is great. For many years cobalt was found in such great abundance in the mines in Saxony, that it was neglected and thrown aside as useless. In some of the copper mines (according to Parkes) it was so abundant that "a prayer was offered to God in the German churches, that He would preserve the miners from cobalt—*kobolds* and *other* spirits." At that time the true use of obalt and its value in the arts was unknown.

latter years, however, there has been a wonerful advancement in chemical science; so t cobalt, among other materials, has been escued from the wasteful hands of ignorance, nd it is now considered to be one of the most seful of natural productions. Cobalt is a very rittle metal and of a reddish gray color, like mixture of copper and iron In the metallic tate, cobalt is exceedingly difficult to prepare; nt the oxide or rust of the metal is easily produced; and it is the beautiful color of this rust, and the exquisite tint, varying from deep azure to sky-blue, which it has the power of imparting to porcelain and pottery, that renders so valuable. All blue glass is so colored by cobalt-oxide. There are also several colors used by painters and artists, such as *saffre* and *smalt* and artificial *ultramarine*, which owe heir charming effect to cobalt. As if to invest this curious metal with some spiritual qualities, bait can be made into ink, which, although invisible when used, instantly appears to reader when the paper is warmed before a but it again becomes invisible as the paper

The principal mines of cobalt are in ony, Hesse, and in the Mendip Hills in Somersetshire. It is asserted that the profit derived from the Hesse mines alone is equal to 20,000 a-year. So much for *kobolds* and other evil spirits!—*English Paper.*

"A DAY OF GOLDEN BEAUTY" IN ITALY.—It was a beautiful cloudless day, and reminded me of many halcyon days I had spent on that blue Mediterranean in other times. It reminded me of some of my childhood's days in the ountry in New England—days described by merson where he says that we "bask in shining hours of Florida and Cuba" —when "the day immeasurably long sleeps over the broad hills and warm wide fields"—when "the cattle as they lie on the ground to have great and tranquil thoughts." was on such a day that I used to delight to over my Shakspeare, undisturbed by any save the hum of the insect world or the mpatient switch of the tail or movement of the eet of a horse who had sought the same shade was enjoying. To a man who has been rudeused by fortune, or who has drunk deep of rrow or disappointment, I can conceive of othing more grateful or consoling than a sumer cruise in the Mediterranean. "The sick art often needs a warm climate as much as he sick body."—*Correspondent of the Boston raveller.*

☞ The young fellow whose girl told him he didn't want him any longer, wears a fifty-six pound weight in his hat to prevent him from rowing longer."

Adversity overcome, is the brightest ; and willingly undergone, the greatest Sufferings are but the trials of gallant

"A HIT—A HIT!"—The New York Picayune has the following well-directed hit at the gossiping propensities of the New York reporters. It says:

"Mrs. Cunningham is becoming used to her quarters in the Tombs Yesterday morning, at about a quarter past eleven, she changed her gaiters for a pair of morocco shoes. The matron of the prison shortly afterward asked her if she would like a glass of ice water, when she heaved a significant sigh, and said: 'Oh, yes, thank you!' She expressed great confidence that the weather would be fine next week.—Two rats were killed in the house 81 Bond street, last Monday, by a strange coincidence, very nearly six months after the murder of Dr. Burdell."

TERRIFIC STORM IN ENGLAND.—One of the most tremendous and destructive thunder storms which has ever been known in England occurred recently; in fact, nothing like it has ever been experienced even in the West India Islands. It commenced about a quarter past six, when the whole firmament was suddenly overcast with a darkness, "made visible" by sheets of lightning, accompanied by hail the size of an ordinary walnut; the rain also descended in downright torrents, and it soon became such a "naughty night to swim in" that the streets of London became a perfect desert for upwards of an hour! The whole commercial traffic of our "modern Babylon," with its 3,000 omnibuses and its tide of population of three millions became annihilated in a few seconds, and its late bustling streets as deserted as the ruins of Baalbec or Palmyra. The thermometer immediately rose from 60 to 70 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade.—The barometer indexed 29 degrees 77 minutes, and the wind suddenly veered to a westerly direction The peals of thunder succeeded each other in such quick succession as to form almost one continued roar, and the blue, forked lightning flashed at short intervals with such brilliancy as to shed a livid glare through the inmost recesses of the lifeless city The effect was sublime beyond conception or description, and an accident which occurred still further heightened the awful grandeur of the scene; an iron column of a gasometer being struck with the electric fluid melted beneath its action, and the gas becoming ignited arose in one vast pyrotechanic pyramid to the majestic height of several thousand feet, illuminating the entire metropolis for some moments; every cathedral, public building and vessel on the Thames was distinctly visible, while the sky to the extreme verge of the horizon, appeared one vast canopy of orange flame. The storm was not local, but swept in terrific violence over England; in Lewis several haggards were consumed, but no town suffered more seriously than Manchester; almost every factory from Ancoats to the Oxford Road, a distance of about two miles, suffered severely; in some instances the houses were set on fire by the lightning, and what crowned the catastrophe, the Blue Pits Reservoir, which is about nine miles from Manchester, burst open, and its waters, gushing forth on something of a Niagara scale, into the river Medlow, which intersects the town from East to West caused it to overflow its banks and inundate the entire district called "Little Ireland"—being principally colonized by Irishmen. Here the flood rose so rapidly that the police on duty were obliged to awaken the slumbering inhabitants, who were with considerable difficulty saved, all flying from the scene of devastation in a state of almost perfect nudity. Men, women and children passing through the doors and windows, and even tearing open the roofs of houses to effect an egress. It is computed that more property has been destroyed on this occasion than by the recent French inundation, although happily unattended with the same loss of human life. Its precise or even approximate amount cannot of course be estimated at the present moment; but rumor states it something about £5,000,000.

IN TOWN WITH A POCKET FULL OF ROCKS.—A Tennessee planter lately visited New Orleans, and stopped at the St Charles Hotel, and in the course of a week created a prodigious sensation. He was a stout, plain looking old fellow, and on the trip down from Memphis contrived to get very drunk, so that from the time he landed in the city until he left, he carried on like a crazy man, paying fifty or a hundred times the value of every thing he bought. He gave a colored barber $20 for shaving him, and refused to take any change; paid half a dollar for a glass of liquor, declined the change, and gave the barkeeper $20 additional as a free gift. On the latter being rejected, the planter crumpled up the bill, threw it behind the counter, and walked off in a rage. He had all his pockets stuffed with bank notes of the denominations of hundreds, fifties and twenties, which he threw away recklessly. If he ran against a person he dashed a handfull of bills in his face Not satisfied with this, he afterwards paraded about with a linen bag so full of silver that it bent him down to carry it. Wherever he had a chance, he paid for drinks, &c., with a handful of half dollars. After a three days' tour of this description, he packed up and travelled back to Tennessee, where he belonged. He is said to be quite wealthy. The suckers about town are believed to have reaped a grand harvest out of this poor inebriate's folly.

WAS IT PASSION OR DESPAIR?—The Union Democrat says that a boy (his name we are unable to learn), living with James Fisher, in Monroe County, New York, intentionally shot himself a few days since. In the morning of the day that it occurred, Mr. Fisher was about leaving home, but before his departure he had occasion to chastise this youth, which he did with severity. The boy, very much enraged and mortified at the treatment just received, as soon as Mr. Fisher was gone, went to the house, took down a gun with calmness and deliberation, placed the muzzle of the gun to his forehead, and contrived to pull the trigger, which resulted in nothing but a flash. There being no one about the house but ladies, they were afraid to venture near him. Immediately after the flash of his gun, he commenced his priming and preparation for the second trial. With the same calmness and deliberation as at first, he placed the gun to his forehead, pulled the trigger, and instantly shot his brains out.

BOGUS DEAD RABBITS.—The police having received information that of late great numbers of cats had been killed in the Faubourg St Martin, St. Denis, and Poissonniers, and in the adjacent streets, resolved to capture the destroyers of the animals. Some of them on duty on the Rue St Martin, in the night of Sunday, perceived a man throw large pieces of meat about, and when, as generally happened, some cat hastened to take a morsel, another man who was somewhat in the rear, set on a dog to attack the cat, and was soon able to thrust it dead into a sack. The police succeeded in arresting the man with the sack, but the others got off From the prisoner's confession it appears that the slaughtered cats were sold to keepers of low eating houses at the barriers, who passed them off as rabbits

CANINE AFFECTION.—The Cincinnati Gazette tells a melancholy story of a favorite dog in that city, whose master, a wealthy old gentleman, having died some months ago, was utterly inconsolable at his loss. He ate very little, pined away gradually, until he became a mere skeleton, and finally died "about two months after his master's decease, of the same disease, and the same hour precisely." He only appeared contented when permitted to lie down on the *robe de chambre* the old gentleman had been in the habit of wearing.

ANOTHER HISTORICAL FICTION EXPLODED.—The report that Washington was created a Marshal of France, in order that he might command Count Rochambeau, is contradicted by a correspondent of the National Intelligencer, who quotes from a letter of Washington, in which he denies the statement, which was, it appears, circulated at that time.

A WEALTHY CITY.—The total valuation of property in the city of New Bedford, Massachusetts, is $27,530,400 The increase for the past year has been in real estate, $231,600; in personal, $180 800; making a total increase of $512,400. Number of polls this year, 6,970; increase, 344. The whole amount of tax raised is $250,751 27. The rate of taxation is $8 00 on the $1,000. I and Howland, Jr., & Co., have a taxable property of $1,975,000, and pay a tax of nearly $12,000.

THE Liverpool Consulate is accepted by Beverley Tucker, of Virginia, who once before refused it.

NEWS ITEMS.

MIXING THE CHARACTERISTICS.—The Boston Post's Nahant correspondent, John Phœnix, transposes the sectional characteristics of the visitors at that watering-place, with most ludicrous effect. He says:—

"Our society is composed of people from all parts of the Union; *Bostonians*, social, affable, and particularly kind and attentive to strangers; *Western* people, cool, *distingue*, and difficult of access, and *Southerners*, lively, bustling, but close, calculating and abstemious."

SOMETHING LIKE A GOVERNMENT.—A Finnish journal, the Suometar, states that the Russian Government has despatched two physicians to the parishes of Northern Finland, to instruct the inhabitants in the art of making bread from moss.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.—It is understood that Mr. Hawthorne will spend a year in Italy, and then return to educate his children in their native land. He is about to prepare and publish a work which he has been for some time contemplating; and as the "Scarlet Letter" followed his retirement from one office, we may expect, as an early result of his resignation, a book in no wise inferior to that remarkable romance in power and popularity.

HOW JERROLD IS REMEMBERED.—The entertainments in remembrance of the late Douglas Jerrold, have already realized more than $20,000.

THE INDIAN TRIBES OF TEXAS.—The Indian tribes of Texas are passing it to rapid decay. In 1845, the whole number of Indians was estimated at 20,000. In 1856, the number from official accounts did not exceed 12,000 Some 1,500 Indians till the reservation on the clear fork of the Brazos, and make good crops; 3,000 semi-civilized Creeks, Delawares and Cherokees are in eastern Texas; in north, 1,000 Washitas and Waces. There are 3,000 Comanches, 1,000 Lipans, and 4,000 of a l other straggiers.

WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?—The Paris Correspondent of the London News mentions the departure from Paris to Marseilles of Gen D'Orgoni, and predicts that he will be found at the head of the insurgents of Delhi before November.

GRAIN CROP OF MINNESOTA.—The St. Paul Advertiser estimates the grain crop of Minnesota, the present year, as follows:—Wheat 3,000,000 bushels; corn, 1,500,000; oats, 1,700,000 bushels. In addition to this, it puts the yield of potatoes at 800,000 bushels, and other products of the farm in proportion—an aggregate, says the Advertiser, nearly sufficient to feed the large annual increase of population, which has, heretofore, made us dependent on the neighboring States to supply the deficit

MORE ADGRANDIZEMENT OF THE ISLAND EMPIRE.—The English Government has taken formal possession of the Ona Hora Islands. In the East Indies. They are three in number, and are claimed by the Dutch, who have now entered a protest against the seizure

GENUINE AND GENEROUS PATRIOTISM.—We perceive in one of our Southern exchanges that a confectioner has generously offered to set apart one cent for every glass of ice cream or sherbet he sells throughout the week from the 15th instant, to be appropriated toward the fund for the erection of the Washington Monument

EATING HOUSES.—The Boston Bee says there are one hundred and twenty-five eating houses in that city, and the money taken by them amounts to $5,500 per day. The number of customers is about 25,000.

POOR LITTLE CANDLE MOTHS!—Three silly and romantic young ladies living in Harrisburg have run off with circus men lately Any girl simple enough to be captivated by the glitter of tinsel must have something of a tender spot on her cranium. However, it is an old joke, and one by which many a young lady has been ruined.

MAIL ROBBERY.—Immediately upon the arrival of the New York mail at the New Haven Post-Office, at daybreak on Tuesday morning, Sept 1st, the whole of the contents were stolen by some dexterous rogue, there being no person belonging to the office about at the time except the porter, who, strange to say, did not see the thief It is inconceivable how such stupidity or carelessness can be tolerated in the most important department of the public service.

A LETTER FOR BILLY BOWLEGS.—In the Florida Peninsula, of the 1st inst, we find the following: A letter came to the Post-Office in this place, a few days since, bearing the following inscription:—"To Gen. Wm B. Legs, Chief of the Seminole Indians, Everglades." Col Loomis, we presume, will deliver this document when he catches Billy.

THE Free State men in Kansas have held a large Territorial Convention at Grasshopper Falls, and determined to vote at the October election. They nominated Marcus J. Parrott, as Delegate to Congress.

THE COMMERCIAL PANIC.—The panic which raged so furiously a few days ago at New York, is gradually blowing over. The money market continues to work a little easier as confidence gathers strength, and paper can be passed, if of strictly first-class, at one to three per cent. better than the highest point of the week. The demand is better, but there is so much on the market which has been under hypothecation, that the improvement is checked. The banks feel a little stronger, and are being daily fortified by receipts of specie from the interior.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

GREAT FLIGHT OF DOLLARS.—The loss of the Ontario Bank at Utica, by a late defalcation of the officers, and misappropriation of its funds, is ascertained to be at least $200,000.

A GREAT COMPLIMENT.—The London Christian Spectator says:—"As a general rule, we believe American theological writers to be better versed in modern languages and more deeply read in ancient literature; in other words, better and abler scholars, than the majority of theological writers in this country."

"GOING IT BLIND."—A daughter of Mr. John Allshouse, of Greensburg, Pa., eloped with a young blind man, named William Smith, on the 20th ult. Smith is totally blind, and has been living in Greensburg for the past four years on the charity of hotel-keepers. Measures have been taken to secure their arrest.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, *No. 29 South Third Street.*

PHILADELPHIA, September 5, 1857.

Pennsylvania.		**Massachusetts.**	
Solvent bks	par to 1 dis	Solv bks	1 dis
Relief notes	½ dis	**Virginia.**	
Lancaster bk	50 dis	Solv bks	½ dis
Erie City bk	35 dis	Bk of Kanawha	no sale
Bk of Newcastle	25 dis	Corp'n Alexandria	½ dis
Warren co bk	no sale	**North Carolina.**	
New Jersey.		Solv bks	2 dis
Solvent bks	par to ½ dis	Small notes	3 dis
Merch bk Bridgeton	20 dis	**Georgia.**	
Wheat Grower's bk Newton	30 dis	Gld bks	1 dis
Commercial Bk, Perth Amboy,	failed	New bks	5 to 10 dis
Bergen co bk	no sale	Bk Columbus	no sale
Delaware.		Bk of Milledgville	no sale
Solvent bks	par	Man & Mech bk Columbus	no sale
Under 5's	4 dis	Planters' and Mech's bk, Dalton	no sale
Maryland.		**South Carolina.**	
Valley bk Hagerstwn	no sale	Solv bks	1 dis
Solvent bks	½ dis	**Alabama.**	
Far & Mec bk Kent co	½ dis	Bk of Mobile	2 dis
District of Columbia.		Other solv bks	3 dis
Exchange bk	30 dis	**Mississippi.**	
Solv bks	1 dis	All bks	uncertain
New York.		**Louisiana.**	
Solv bks	par to 1 dis	Solv bks	1½ to 2 dis
8th Avenue bk	2 dis	**Ohio.**	
Knickerbocker bk	1½ dis	Solv bks	1½ dis
Far bk Onondaga	25 dis	Bk of Circleville	4d dis
Mar & Mec bk Owego	30 dis	Canal bk	8 dis
Ex bk Sodus	30 dis	**Kentucky.**	
Empire City bk	1½ dis	Solv bks	1½ dis
Central bk	1½ dis	**Indiana.**	
Chamelain bk	no sale	New solvent bks	3 dis
Farmer's bk Saltops	no sale	State bk	1½ dis
Mechanics' bk	no sale	Shawnee bk, Attica,	no sale
Beckett's Harbor and Reciprocity bks	no sale	Greenerop bk, Lafayette	3 dis
Maine.		Other bks	5 to 30 dis
Solv bks	1 dis	**Illinois.**	
Bk of Hallowell	2½ dis	Peoples bk, Carmi	30 dis
Ellsworth bk	20 dis	Rushville bk, Rushville	20 dis
Maritime bk Bangor	15 dis	Solvent bks	3 dis
Canton bk South China	no sale	Stock Security bk	20 dis
Exchange bk	no sale	**Missouri.**	
Hallowell bk	no sale	Solv bks	1½ dis
New Hampshire.		**Tennessee.**	
Solv bks	1 dis	Bk of East Tenn	no sale
Lancas'r bk	agreed	Solv bks	2 dis
Exeter bk	failed	Small notes	3 dis
Vermont.		Central bk	no sale
Solv bks	1 dis	New bks	3 to 6 dis
Bk of Rutland bk	no sale	**Michigan.**	
Worcester bk	no sale	Solv bks	2 dis
Danby bk	no sale	**Arkansas.**	
Connecticut.		All bks	no sale
Solv bk	1 dis	**Wisconsin.**	
Rhode Island.		Solv bks	3 dis
Solv bks	1 dis	**Texas.**	
Bk Rhode Providence	no sale	Commerce & Agricultural bk Galveston	10 dis
Tiverton bk	no sale	**Canada.**	
Central bk	no sale	Solv bks	1½ dis
Farmer's bk Wickford	no sale	Zimmerman	no sale

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On the 5th ultimo, ISAAC W. STATHEM, aged 29 years, at Chester, Del. county, on the 3th ultimo, JOHN GOFF, aged 45 years.
On the 31st ultimo, RACHEL GLENTWORTH, aged 68.
On the 29th ult inst, THOMAS M. SMITH, aged 46 years.
On the 24th ultimo, WILLIAM H. MCGRATH aged 27.
On the 30th ult. inst, ELIZA, wife of John Walker, aged 48 years.
On the 27th ultimo, Mrs. MARY HARLEY, aged 85 years.
On the 27th ultimo, Mrs. LYDIA ROSE, aged 74 years.
At Grovesville, N. J. on the 27th ultimo, Mrs. ELIZABETH B. BRICKLE.

THE FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

THE INTRODUCTORY LECTURE to the next Course will be delivered on the 30th of September next at their building, No. 627 ARCH St., Philadelphia.
sep5-3t

OHIO LIFE AND TRUST CO.'S Checks, Kanawha Bills, and smooth Scotch Quarters NOT taken for the "ORIENTAL HORSE CHARMER." We can sell that valuable little work on Taming and Doctoring Horses for good money. We can hide our tin—those who do not settle for it this month, will be glad to get it next.—Mailed anywhere for 25 cts 5 copies for $1.
Also, THE WEATHEROMETER, containing over 200 ways of foretelling the weather, same price. Address,
16 C. J. ELDRIDGE, Cincinnati, Ohio.

$150 PER MONTH CAN BE MADE, and no humbug. Business new, easy, manful, honorable For particulars, address E. S. RICH, Brasher Falls, New York. sep12-2t

WASHING DONE WITHOUT RUBBING OR BOILING!—Stains or Grease Spots removed in two minutes!! Tinea, and other "nasty and arts" all sent for 25 cents. Address WILLIAM ROSCHISKO,
1t Verdiersville, Virginia.

MAKE YOUR OWN COSMETICS.

The Subscriber, formerly a perfumer, of Paris, has the following invaluable FRENCH RECIPES, the preparations of which are much valued in France. They are as follows:—The Parisian Hair Invigorator; the Hair Dye de la Française; the celebrated recipe for removing Tan, Freckles, &c.; recipe for making a splendid Pomatum; one for a delightful preparation for Cleansing the Teeth, and one for the celebrated Circassian Rouge. All of which he will send to any address upon receipt of $1, inclosed in an envelope and directed to JEAN PIERRE BERGER,
Philadelphia Post Office.
Single Receipts, 25 cts. Small sums received in Postage Stamps. sep12-2t

HOWELL & BROTHERS,

MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF

PAPER HANGINGS,

No. 632 CHESTNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA,

Have for sale, to consumers and the trade, the largest assortment of PAPER HANGINGS, BORDERS, DECORATIONS, &c., in the United States.
They ask the special attention of the trade to a new and very beautiful article of

GOLD WINDOW SHADES,

on paper, which they are introducing. sep5-3m

GOVERNOR GEARY'S ADMINISTRATION IN KANSAS. Just published—large 12mo. of 348 pages, neatly bound. Sent to any part of the United States, *postage paid, for One Dollar.*
JAS. L. GIHON, Publisher,
4:9 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
☞ *Agents Wanted for the sale of this, and many other good Works. Great inducements offered.* sep5 2t

WANTED—300 ACTIVE YOUNG MEN, AT A salary of $100 per month. A capital of only $5 required. Full particulars given to all who inclose a stamp and address UNION AGENCY, Pascodale, R. I.
sep5-3m

TREATMENT OF CANCERS.—THE PHILADELPHIA INSTITUTE for the cure of CANCERS, TUMORS, Wens, Scrofula, Ulcers, and Chronic diseases generally. The diseases are treated with unparalleled success, and without the usual resort to surgical operations.
A successful practice of over fifteen years fully establishes the great superiority of this treatment over all others.
Patients at a distance will receive information and advice, together with our Pamphlet, by addressing (with postage stamp) Dr. LOUNSBERRY & CO., No. 83 North 8th St., Philadelphia. sep5-2t

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Wit and Humor.

THE OLD LADY'S EUREKA;

OR,

DEATH TO THE FLIES.

So oft I've said, Ah, drat the flies!—and now at last
my prayers is granted;
For at the chemists' shops you buys the very thing I
always wanted:
That Papiere Moure; and blessed be whoever found
out that invention,
Which is a secret as you see the shopkeepers decline
to mention.

Like blotting-paper it appears—a sort of greyish reddish tinted,
With wopses, flies, and insex a queer, and loring language on it printed.
You takes and puts a little bit into a saucer or a basin,
A drop of water pours on it, and sets it some convenient place in.

They hurries into it, hiswis, attracted by the hopes of auction;
And I can truly tell you 'tis their certain death and sure destruction.
No dirty, dauby, ploguy mess; all smeary, treacly, fulsome, sticking,
Nor none of that unpleasantness to see the nasty creturs kicking.

They comes and drinks, away they flies; you sees no more of them there ribels,
Out of your sight they goes and dies, like mice and rats that pison nibbles.
"Catch-em-alive-o-a!"—Goddlestick? I say let them speak as have tried 'em;
To kill the swarming divils quick, they ain't for to be named 'longside 'em:

Which also, though they're pison rank to flies and all sichlike Philistines,
Don't injure cats, which goodness thank, and hasn't no effect on Christians.
At least they says so—as to that, they may or mayn't hurt one or t'other:
I wouldn't try 'em on my cat if I could try 'em on another. —*Punch.*

THOUGHTS UPON SEEING A CRICKET MATCH.

Doesticks confides to the *Knickerbocker* the following record of his impressions on seeing a pleasant game of cricket at Hoboken:

"I have heard a great deal about the manly sports of 'Merrie England,' and have always had a great respect for exports in the athletic games of the Britishers. Cricket has been specified as a game requiring the greatest possible quickness of eye and activity of limb, and I have heretofore looked upon it as glorious sport, full of intense, though innocuous excitement. In my lamb-like innocence I have always, until yesterday, supposed 'cricket' to be a diversion, an amusement, a pastime, a holiday recreation, and nothing but ocular demonstration could have convinced me of my great mistake. Two famous 'Elevens' were to play a match at Hoboken; crack men on both sides; heavy bets; sporting world all prophesying great things; resolved to go; did go; am disappointed, and, I may say, disgusted. Cricket is not a game; it is a popular fallacy to suppose it is, but it is a solemn ceremony periodically performed with the greatest seriousness by deluded Englishmen, who think they are having fun. Fun! A cricketer has no more appreciation of genuine *fun* than a dead jackass has of a fancy horapipe. Grim are the cricketers, and despondicg; smileless, dejected, forlorn, and bilious. The Pilgrim Fathers, holding an out-door evening prayer-meeting on a sidehill in four feet of snow, in the middle of February, were a gay set of jolly dogs, compared to these rueful cricketing Englishmen out for a day's pleasure. A New York murder trial, or a Kentucky hanging match, would be a roaring farce by the side of the sportive tragedy of these two cruck 'Elevens.' The ghost of Hamlet's father, and the spectre of the murdered Banquo, talking over their private matters at mid-night by the light of blue-fire, would look gay and festive when likened to the Hoboken cricket ground, with a match in progress. Cricket!—well, hereafter when I want a synonyme for all that is intolerably dull and stupid, I shall say, Cricket. When I want to express a grand climax of spiritless dejection, I shall remark, Cricket. When I desire to say of some man against whom I have a mortal spite, that he is grim-visaged, jaundiced, melancholic, dismal and flat, I shall simply call him a cricketer, and then I shall dodge. And if any man accuses me in like manner, I shall take out a warrant for defamation of character, and sue him for maliciously damaging my reputation to a huge extent.

"I went to Hoboken with D——, who, although an American, is a cricketer. He told me I would see great sport. Got to the ground; bestowed myself under a tree, while D—— went to the Club-house to attire himself. Presently he appeared again, dressed in white flannel from head to foot. He had a jockey cap on his head, and buckskin slippers on his feet. Just before the game commenced he tied a bed quilt on each leg, and put on some leather gloves. Then the people took their places; the men who were not bowling all took the same position, with their hands on their knees, and their chins elevated at an angle of forty-five degrees. Then the umpire called out 'play;' then the bowler, a disheartened looking man, took up the ball, which was as hard as a brick, and threw it with all his might at a lugubrious individual with a two-handed pudding-stick in his grasp, who stood in front of some little sticks which were stuck in the ground like an unfinished hen-coop. There were two melancholy bowlers, two drooping batsmen, and two unfinished hen-coops. When the dejected man saw the ball coming, he made a poke at it with his pudding-stick, but didn't hit it; then he sadly rested from his labors, while a number of doleful men on the other side wearily sought for the ball. Then the other bowler, with a sad countenance, threw the ball at the other gloomy batsman, who made another dispirited poke at it with his pudding-stick; this time he hit it; then he ran towards the other hen coop, while the man at that end ran to his hen-coop. Then the marker put down one mark for his side; then they all rested in desponding silence or five minutes, during which time everybody religiously kept mournfully still; I expected to hear some one begin an exortation, or commence reading the Burial Service, or some inspiriting thing of that kind; but no one volunteered any amusement, and pretty soon the downcast players resumed the mysteries of cricket. There was more throwing at the hen coops, and pretty soon one was knocked down. Then the batsman, who ought to have stood before it and stopped the ball, with the bed-quilts on his legs, was declared to be 'out.' Then he retired discomfited, while the rest of his eleven set up a dismal groan. Then D—— went in and took the pudding-stick. Then the grave man threw the ball at D——. D—— poked at it manfully; then he ran for the other hen-coop, and the man who presided at the other pudding stick ran for his hen-coop. The bed quilts on D——'s legs interfered with his speed, and he didn't get along very fast; so the man pensively took the ball and knocked down D——'s hen-coop; then D—— was out. They persevered in this jocularity until sun-set, at which time this funereal state of things came to an end. Then the eleven whose pudding-stick men had made the most journeys between the hen-coops, were declared to be the winner; then they untied the bed-quilts from their legs, took off their flannels and went home. This is all there is of the game of cricket. It may be a very brisk amusement for some men, but I would as soon think of taking a pleasure-ride in a hearse, or going to a dozen pedestrian funerals for a day's pleasure, as of participating in the gloomy ceremonies of cricket for the same length of time."

DROLL EPITAPHS.

Dr. Pettigrew has published, in London, a collection of epitaphs, under the title of "Chronicles of the Tombs." The best, those possessing the grace of appropriateness, or of literary beauty, have become household words. Some of the more quaint may provoke a smile. Here is a droll one—droll in its orthography, at least:

Two sweetur babes you nare did see
Than God amity geed too wee
But they wur ortaken wee agur fitts
And beat they lys has dead as nitts.

Here is one on Sir John Woodcock:

Hic jacet in requie Woodcock *John* vin generosus,
Major Lot doaim, Mercerus valde morosus.
Hic jacet *Tom Shorthose*
Sine tomb, sine *sheets*, sine *riches*,
Qui vixit sine *golfin*,
Sine *cloake*, sine *shirt*, sine *britches*.

On Robert Trollop, architect of the Exchange and Town Hall of Newcastle:—

Here lies Robert Trollop
Who made yon stones roll up
When death took his soul up
His body filled this hole up.

On Ann Jennings, the mother of an immense family:

Some have children—some have none—
Here lies the mother of twenty-one.

In Oxfordshire Mr. Pettigrew has found:

Here lies the body of John Eldred,
At least he will be here when he is dead:
But now at this time he is alive,
The fourteenth of August sixty-five.

Quotations might be multiplied; but this style of thing should be taken in exceedingly small doses.

AN INCORRIGIBLE CASE.—A lady, having a drunken husband, resolved to frighten him into temperance. She therefore engaged a watchman, for a stipulated reward, to carry "Philander" to the watch-house, while yet in a state of insensibility, and to "frighten him a little" when he recovered.

In consequence of this arrangement, he was waked about eleven o'clock at night, and found himself lying on a pine bench in a strange and dim apartment. Raising himself on his elbow, he looked around, until his eye rested on a man sitting by a stove, and smoking a cigar.

"Where am I?" asked Philander.

"In a medical college!" said the cigar smoker.

"What a-doing there?"

"Going to be cut up!"

"*Cut up!*—how comes that?"

"Why, you died yesterday, while you were drunk, and we have brought your body here to make a 'natomy!"

"It's a lie—I *ain't* dead!"

"No matter; we bought your carcass, any how, from your wife, who had a right to sell it, for it's all the good she could ever make out of you. If you're not dead, it's no fault of the doctors, and they'll cut you up, dead or *alive!*"

"You will *do* it, eh?" asked the old sot.

"To be sure we will—now—*immediately*," was the resolute answer.

"Wa'al look o' here, can't you *let us have something to drink before you begin?*"

STRICTLY TRUE.

Jones tries his new horse, which (as the dealer declared) is as quiet as a lamb—just about!

Agricultural.

ADVANTAGES OF CISTERNS.

An abundant supply of soft water is one of the most important requisites for every family, and for none more so than the farmer. The want of water, convenient of access, and in sufficient quantity, at the homestead, is a frequent defect on farms. In hilly and mountainous sections running water can generally be brought to the farm buildings, and a constant supply afforded. This is the best mode. During the season when stock are at pasture, it is desirable that they should have water where it can be had at all times without much travel. If springs and streams do not exist, wells or reservoirs must be resorted to. In winter these are still more important. Some farmers seem to suppose that if there are streams at no great distance from the barnyard, the animals may as well go there to drink. This is an error. The waste of manure by this course may be of more value every year than the cost of a well or a cistern at the barn. But the loss is not confined to the waste of manure; the flesh of the animals is wasted by their being obliged to expose themselves to the cold winds and storms, and their reluctance to do this sometimes prevents their drinking at proper times and in proper quantities—an irregularity which interferes with the digestion and assimilation of their food, and hinders their thrift.

Where plenty of soft water can be had by digging wells of moderate depth, they may be preferable to cisterns; but in many places, especially at the West, it is difficult to obtain water from wells, and when obtained it is often of poor quality. This is an inconvenience which is felt to a very great extent. We have known cases where all the water for domestic purposes had to be brought several miles, and where stock was daily driven the same distance to slake their thirst. With comparatively little expense, all this inconvenience could have been avoided, and a full supply of the best water obtained. For family use, a rain-water cistern should have a good filter, and this will render the water perfectly pure and delicious. We shall never forget the luxury of such water which we found at the house of a friend in Iowa, after having been for sometime confined to that which was neither palatable nor wholesome. For stock, it is only necessary that the water from the roofs of buildings should be kept in cisterns secured against frost.

In the "Register of Rural Affairs" for 1857, by J. J. Thomas, there are some valuable observations on this subject, and our readers will find the following extract worthy their attentive perusal:

If all the rain that descends in the Northern States of the Union should remain upon the surface without sinking in or running off, it would form each year a depth of about three feet. Every inch that falls upon a roof yields two barrels for each space ten feet square, and seventy-two barrels a year are yielded by three feet of rain. A barn thirty by forty feet supplies annually from its roof 864 barrels or enough for more than two barrels a day for every day in the year. Many farmers have in all five times this amount of roof, or enough for twelve barrels a day yearly. If, however, this water was collected, and kept for the dry season only, twenty or thirty barrels daily might be used.

In order to prevent a waste of water on the one hand, and to avoid the unnecessary expense of two large cisterns, their contents should be determined beforehand by calculation.

Rule for Determining the Contents.—A simple rule to determine the contents of a cistern, circular in form, and of equal size at top and bottom, is the following: Find the depth and diameter in inches; square the diameter and multiply the square by the decimal .0034, which will find the quantity in gallons for one inch in depth. Multiply this by the depth, and divide by 31½, and the result will be the number of barrels the cistern will hold.

For each foot in depth, the number of barrels answering to the different diameters are,

From 5 feet in diameter		4 80 barrels.
6	"	6 71 "
7	"	9 13 "
8	"	11 93 "
9	"	15 10 "
10	"	18 65 "

By the rule above given, the contents of barnyard cisterns and manure tanks may be easily calculated for any size whatever.

Determining their Size.—The size of cisterns should vary according to their intended use. If they are to furnish a daily supply of water, they need not be so large as for keeping supplies for summer only. The average depth of rain which falls in this latitude, although varying considerably with season and locality, rarely exceeds seven inches for two months. The size of the cistern, therefore, in daily use, need never exceed that of a body of water on the whole roof of the building seven inches deep. To ascertain the amount of this, multiply the length by the breadth of the building, reduce this to inches, and divide the product by 231, and the quotient will be gallons for each inch of depth. Multiplying by 7 will give the full amount for two months' rain falling upon the roof. Divide by 31½, the quotient will be barrels. This will be about fourteen barrels for every surface of roof ten feet square when measured horizontally. Therefore, a cistern for a barn 30 by 40 feet should hold 168 barrels; that is, as large as one ten feet in diameter and nine feet deep. Such a cistern would supply, with only thirty inches of rain yearly, no less than 680 barrels, or nearly two a day.

Cisterns intended only for drawing from in times of drought, to hold all the water that may fall, should be but about three times the preceding capacity.—*Boston Cultivator.*

SEED WHEAT.

Before the 15th of September, most of the wheat that will yield a good crop next year will be in the ground, and the value of the crop will depend greatly on the character and condition of the seed. The importance of this great staple, and the distress resulting from a diminished supply of it, entitle all the aids in its production to a careful study.

SELECT GOOD SEED.—1st. Choose a kind that has succeeded well in soil and climate *similar to your own.* Intelligent neighbors, who have raised good wheat, can help much in this matter. It is not well to try new experiments on a large scale, unless one is prepared to risk a considerable loss.

2d. Accept only that seed which is perfectly *ripe and plump.* Let no man impose on you, by saying that smaller kernels will produce a greater number of plants from a bushel of seed. What is wanted, is a strong, vigorous growth of wheat plants. This you cannot effect from half-grown or shrivelled seed.

3d. Never sow any but the *cleanest seed.* You can tell by examining it what its condition is. If the seed is good in other respects, but is foul, clean it yourself. But be sure to have it clean, at all events.

4th. Reject seed that has been kept *damp*, or has been *heated*; seed that has suffered either, or both of these injuries, may germinate, but it has lost a part of its vitality, and should never be used for seed, if better can possibly be secured.

5th. Do not sow *mixed* seed on the same ground; let the seed of one sowing in the same field, be of one kind *alone.* You will thus know what kind of wheat you are growing, and be able to compare results, with an approach towards accuracy.

6th. If possible, never sow seed which is more than one year, or at most, *two* years old; old seed *may* grow well, but it may not; prudence will suggest that seed should be used before it has been exposed to decay, to insects, to dampness, or to other injurious agencies. Experience has taught that some of these are likely to injure the kernel, if it is kept after the first year.

One way to get good seed is to select the cleanest and best spot in your wheat field, where the grain grows most perfectly, and is most mature; then harvest and thresh these portions separately, with the greatest care, and save the seed for sowing. Pursue this course for a number of years, and you will produce what will seem to be a new variety of wheat, but it will only be the same, developed and perfected in a higher degree. This operation for securing good seed, will pay in every department of farming and gardening.

A good mode of preventing smut is the following: Spread seed wheat on the barn floor; upon four bushels of wheat dash from twelve to sixteen quarts of human urine, stir the whole well together, then add about six quarts of fresh slacked lime, and shovel the wheat over until the lime is evenly diffused in the wheat. It should be sown as soon after this preparation as practicable, for a long delay would injure its vegetating powers. This mode of treating seed wheat is deemed, in England, a *specific* against smut; it has been practised in America also, by some wheat growers, who say it has been uniformly successful. Tar water will answer instead of urine, and is preferred by many.

The farmer who will select and prepare his seed wheat according to the above suggestions, will greatly increase the chances in favor of his having a fine crop next year.—*American Agriculturist.*

TOPPING AND HARVESTING CORN

From present appearances, and the best information within our reach, we think it may be pretty safely predicted, that over a wide range of our country, this is not destined to be a great corn year. A large part of the growing corn is too late to fully mature, unless we have an unusually warm September and October, a circumstance hardly to be expected.—Therefore it will probably be the safer course for most farmers to cut up and shock their corn as soon as it will any way answer—that is, if it can be done before receiving much injury from frost; by so doing they may save much in the value of fodder, and much corn would ripen in the shock that would be nearly ruined by frost. We have several times seen corn cut up, and tied in moderately-sized bundles, and slung across poles over the barn floor, where it has dried perfectly, and the fodder was much better than it would have been had it been shocked in the field. We have seen various methods of shocking corn in the field. Some put a dozen large bundles into a shock; such large stacks do not dry well.—Others cut and stand it round a hill purposely left uncut. We have seen corn very safely stooked by only using five bundles to the stook—one in the centre, and one on each of the four sides; a band of rye straw was tightly tied round the whole some four feet from the ground, and the tops of the stalks bent over and tied down. Such stooks stand better than larger ones, and also dry much better.

Corn, when harvested before it is properly ripened, and dried in the field, as much of it probably will be the coming harvest, is sometimes injured when stored in large quantities in the crib, or the slatted corn house. If dry, windy weather follows after the corn has been cribbed or housed, it generally dries well; but if long continued damp or rainy weather succeeds, the corn is very liable to heat and mould, &c., injuring its mealing qualities. To guard against such a loss, we have known farmers to have a tight box stove in their corn houses, and they kept up a brisk fire a portion of the time during the damp weather, thereby drying their corn very fast, and saving it from injury.

The labor of manuring, ploughing, planting and hoeing an acre of corn is no trifling job in many situations of the country, and it should be the aim of the farmer to make the most of this labor, and not cheat himself out of a portion of his work by suffering his corn or corn-fodder to be injured or wasted through negligence or lack of care on his part.—*Country Gentleman.*

Useful Receipts.

EXTRACT OF CELERY.—Celery seeds, ½ an ounce. Brandy, 4 ounces. Digest for two weeks and filter.

TO IMITATE BLACK WALNUT.—Let the surface of the wood, after being thoroughly sandpapered, be washed with weak alum water, and then treated with linseed oil colored by burnt umber and red lead. The umber should be thoroughly burned, but the coloring matter not made too strong. It is better to have it rather light, and renew the application. When this has sufficiently dried, go over the surface with a strong sizing of glue (transparent), and then use two coats of good copal varnish. Treated thus, any good grained pine will bear a very close resemblance to walnut, and the surface is nearly as hard.—*Scientific American.*

TO CURE MANGE IN DOGS.—By the advice of a friend I washed my dog well with soft soap and warm water, and then dressed him with white vinegar, which can be obtained at any druggists. I believe it is acetic acid diluted. The vinegar to be well rubbed in and persevered with. This has cured him.—*London Field.*

CURE FOR GARGET IN COWS.—Common linseed oil, applied externally, and well rubbed in, is a simple and certain remedy. It should be resorted to immediately on the discovery of the first symptoms of the disease, and its application persisted in till a cure is effected. I have known many stubborn cases yield readily to this treatment, and after a variety of other remedies, so-called, had been tried in vain. Saltpetre, given twice a week, in doses of half an ounce or an ounce, in meal or prepared mush, will be found also an effectual preventive of garget, and should by no means be neglected.—*Correspondent of the Germantown Telegraph.*

PRESERVING FISH.—Fish may be preserved in a dry state, and perfectly fresh, by means of sugar alone. Fresh fish may be thus kept for some days, so as to be as good when boiled as if just caught. If dried and kept free from mouldiness, their seems no limit to their preservation; and they are much more nutritious in this way than when salted. This process is particularly valuable in making what is called kippered salmon; and the fish preserved in this manner are far superior in quality and flavor to those which are salted or smoked. A few tablespoonfuls of brown sugar are sufficient for a salmon of five or six pounds' weight; and if salt be desired, a teaspoonful or two may be added. Saltpetre may be used instead of salt, if it be wished to make the kipper hard.—*Cooley's Cyclopædia.*

TO MAKE APPLE MOLASSES.—For this purpose the sweetest apples should be selected.—The cider should be boiled down till, when it is cold, it is as thick as West India molasses.—If the apples are not sweet, a little sugar or molasses may be added during the boiling down; in fact, we prefer to do so in all cases. The peculiar flavor of the apple molasses improves the West India molasses, and the latter, to our mind, improves the former, and improves its keeping qualities. The practice, however, is not common. The various uses of apple molasses will present themselves to the mind of every lover of mince, apple, or tart pies, and other luxuries.—*Rural New Yorker.*

SPIDER-EATING.—In the fens of Huntingdonshire more than one case of spider-eating came positively within my own knowledge; and from what I heard, I have reason to believe that these cases were by no means infrequent, or confined to the more ignorant. The spider was considered an infallible cure for the ague. It was swallowed alive, wrapped up, pill-fashion, in paste. I have been told of many cases cured by this recipe.—*Notes and Queries.*

The Riddler.

ARITHMETICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 71 letters.
My 17, 64, 69, 37, 46, 66, 70, 28, is one of the first things to be acquired by the student in his knowledge of arithmetic.
My 9, 22, 41, 3, 7, 43, 35, 29, is a numeral.
My 54, 51, 38, 54, 32, 16, 4, 21, is a kind of number.
My 8, 33, 36, 39, is a denomination of long measure.
My 5, 7, 42, 70, 7, 53, 52, 41, 51, 63, is one of the elementary principles of arithmetic.
My 6, 11, 50, 54, 27, 67, 25, is an arithmetical term.
My 1, 2, 7, 55, 43, 49, 15, 24, is an arithmetical term signifying to increase
My 40, 5, 42, 66, 52, 08, is an arithmetical term to decrease.
My 71, 60, 61, 29, 51, 31, 5, 14, 67, is one of the elementary principles of arithmetic signifying changing from one denomination to another.
My 12, 13, 35, 7, 21, is a kind of number.
My 19, 41, 17, 16, 69, 48, is a denomination of time.
My 41, 17, 54, 10, is a denomination of long measure.
My 44, 64, 20, 24, 68, is a Brazilian coin of the value of seventeen dollars and thirty cents.
My 26, 70, 22, 71, is a denomination of time.
My 54, 3, 14, 58, 59, is a measure.
My 4, 60, 32, 21, 45, is a numeral.
My 23, 43, 7, 15, 66, 35, 67, is a numeral.
My 50, 11, 16, 71, is a measure
My 5, 63, 0, 45, 32, 61, 69, 15, is a Russian coin of the value of seven dollars and eighty-three cents.
My 2, 25, 43, 69, 57, is an arithmetical term.
My whole is a rule for reduction of fractions.

CINROS.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 31 letters.
My 1, 3, 20, 23, 22, 13, 12, was a writer among the Romans.
My 2, 14, 7, 13, was a lawyer of Nuremberg.
My 3, 15, 8, 30, 13, 14, 30, was an early governor of Massachusetts.
My 4, 5, 12, 23, 22, 3, was an American general in the war of the Revolution.
My 5, 14, 4, 3, 20, 28, was an English divine who was burned at the stake.
My 6, 26, 21, 29, 17, 31, 9, 27, 29, was a philosopher of Athens.
My 9, 10, 13, 18, was an author in England.
My 16, 27, 33, is a writer of the present day.
My 31, 19, 1, 14, 15, 21, 27, 16, was an orator of Rome.
My 25, 27, 16, 29, was one of the earliest printers.
My 24, 9, 30, 23, was a great warrior, poet, priest, and monarch in Denmark
My 16, 13, 24, 30, 17, was a writer in Scotland.
My whole is a conspicuous personage of Europe.

Carlisle, Indiana. OLD ADAMS.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 31 letters.
My 9, 1, 26, 8, is a part of the human frame.
My 21, 18, 20, is not cold.
My 27, 23, 19, is what we all need.
My 11, 12, 15, 10, is what belongs to the head.
My 17, is a letter of the alphabet.
My 19, 10, 14, is a river in Texas.
My 22, 30, 1, 4, 6, 9, 29, 15, is a contributor of the Poet.
My 6, 16, is a verb.
My 30, 2, 7, is what all of us are liable to do.
My 23, 24, 19, 22, 31, was a general who fought in Mexico.
My 2, 10, 26, is a boy's name.
My 28, 29, 13, is a small cake.
My whole is an ancient proverb. OMEGA.

Pittsburg.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a pronoun,
'Twill scarcely perplex;
By dropping a letter,
'Twill alter the sex.

My second gives comfort
To people of sense;
Whenever 'tis used
As a means of defence.

Apply to your sweetheart,
And ask her my third,
She'll certainly tell you
The question's absurd.

Not five in a hundred,
Believe me you might,
Nor ten in a thousand
Would answer you right.

My whole is the home,
The abode of a sage,
Respected and honored
In every age. KEY.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If you have my first if I've rightly reckoned,
It but stands to reason that you have my second;
But if my second belongs unto you,
That is not saying you have my first, too;
If you use my second my whole it may be;
I suppose what I mean you readily see

GAHMEW.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Of five letters I'm composed,
And if I'm left entire,
You'll find me in the blacksmith's shop,
And often in his fire.
If you leave off two letters,
You'll have a curious fish,
Yet when it's served up right
It makes a very nice dish.
To tell you more would be absurd,
You now may try your wit;
This riddle you can surely guess,
And the true answer hit.

Pequea, Pa. ALPHA.

ANAGRAMS ON MILITARY HEROES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. Royal T.
2. A new Y.
3. Ma nor I.
4. Whiten sang
5. An ell.
6. To Nell Gwinn.
7. A. H. Norris.
8. Amy.
9. Ay! let Fate.
10. I crowns all.
11. Bear on, Pat.
12. Oh, we!

GAHMEW.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I have a piece of land in the form of an oblong square. A line running diagonally across from either corner to the other is just 200 rods in length. Required the area and sides of the tract? FRANK.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ How do you know there were railroads in the days of Solomon? Ans.—Because it is stated that when the Queen of Sheba visited him, she came with a great train.

☞ What may a cat have that nothing else has? Ans.—Kittens.

☞ Why are good husbands like dough? Ans.—Women need (knead) them.

☞ Why is a chicken running like a man whipping his wife? Ans.—Because it's a fowl proceeding.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Smithsonian. I stitute, Washington, Virginia. TRI-LETTER ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.—Out of debt is out of danger. HISTORICAL ENIGMA.—The Alphabet. CHARADE.—Rain-bow. CHARADE.—Pactes. (Fact-o-rye.) RIDDLE.—Spear. ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.—$14.10.

☞ Take away discretion, and virtues become vice.